

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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L. E. L.

BY MISS MARY A. RIPLEY.

IT has been truly said that we should know the influences which have been brought to bear upon the mind of the poet, the circumstances which have molded his character, in order to form a correct judgment of his verse. It seems impossible to obtain minute information regarding the writer whose initials head this article. But with our limited means, and by extracts from her writings, we may give the reader some general idea of the life and aims of Letitia E. Landon.

She was born in Chelsea, near London, in 1802, where she seems to have spent the first seven years of her life. Her next home was at Trevor Park, where she passed many of the bright-

est hours of childhood, and she afterward looked fondly back to its scenes and associations. She was a sensitive and retiring child, and among the neglected, overgrown shrubbery in the garden, or seated among the rough branches of an ancient yew tree which hung over a dark pond, she drank in the inspiration which Nature, our doting mother, freely gives her reverent children.

When she was about fourteen years of age, the family removed to Brompton, and now, for the first time, she seems to have ventured "into print." Mr. Jerdan, a neighbor, and editor of the Literary Gazette, bestowed considerable encouragement,

the servant returned, there was a weight against the door, which she soon found to be the body of her mistress. She immediately called Mr. Maclean, and a physician was brought; but there was no sign of returning life. A small phial, emptied of its contents, was found upon the table. This had contained a preparation of prussic acid, and was found in the hand of Mrs. Maclean by the servant. She had no appearance, the servant stated, of illness or unhappiness, and as she had previously used the prussic acid as a relief when suffering from spasms, it was concluded that she had accidentally taken an overdose. No post-mortem examination was deemed necessary, as her personal appearance justified the conclusion. Her last letter was cheerful, and the supposition which has been entertained by some, that she intentionally ended her own life, seems to have been utterly baseless.

We quote from Mr. Cruikshank — "In those warm latitudes, interment follows death, with a haste which often cruelly shocks the feelings. Mrs. Maclean was buried the same evening, within the precincts of the castle. Mr. Topp read the funeral service, and all the residents assisted at the solemn ceremony. The grave was lined with walls of brick and mortar, with an arch over the coffin. Soon after the conclusion of the service, one of those heavy showers only known in tropical climates, suddenly came on. All departed for their houses. I remained to see the arch completed. The bricklayers were obliged to get a covering to protect themselves and their work from the rain. Night had come on before the paving stones were all put down over the grave, and the workmen finished their business by torchlight. How sadly yet does that night of gloom return to my remembrance! How sad were then my thoughts, as, wrapped up in my cloak, I stood beside the grave of L. E. L., under that pitiless torrent of rain! I fancied what would

be the thoughts of thousands in England, if they could see and know the meaning of that flickering light, of those busy workmen, of that silent watcher!"

So beneath the cold pavement of the castle, away on the Guinea coast, sleeps one whose soul was full of sympathy for all lovely forms of nature. Mayhap the dark shadows which glide above her tomb, find no entrance within. Amid the golden light of the near land of eternity, her feet may wander beside living waters, or pause beneath unfading foliage.

We believe the literary reputation of L. E. L. rests mainly upon her poems. Poetry is by some regarded as mere nonsense, and little sympathy is given to the weaklings who entertain a contrary opinion. This is owing in many instances to want of culture, and in others, to a spiritual discord which would have refused to listen when "the morning stars sang together." True, the majority of sensible things has been said in the prosiest of prose; but to refuse to read a book because the lines upon the pages each contain the same number of syllables, instead of an unequal number, seems to be the foolishness of folly. The spirit of Poesy has brooded over the chaotic nature of men, since our first parents were driven from Eden, and here and there upon the pages of history, sacred and profane, we find the names of those whose anointed eyes have seen the wonders of creation; whose brows have been crowned with the fiery diadem of the poet. Perhaps this visible attempt at harmony may be but the expression of an invisible but constant yearning of the inmost soul to be in unison with its Maker. It is vain to say that the poet is useless. His vocation is a holy one. The true poet seems to me to be also the true prophet and teacher. His purposes and aims are high; he sings for the brotherhood of humanity. But at the portals, and all along the sacred way through which he passes to reach

the temple where the crowned ones sing, are hosts of lions, commonly called critics. Some are true lions; some have but the shaggy mane — their roaring is but braying. Bold is the heart that dares to pass the first gate; he has committed himself to "do or die;" commonly the voices of the guards are more terrible than afterward. But having once ventured, he gains courage and strength, and the watchful eyes glare less fiercely. Many of them seem to possess the wonderful faculty of second sight; and if he be a real poet, they fancy they see a starry circlet which glitters with a growing light upon his pale forehead, just under the golden hair; and so long as he reaches the goal, heralds prepare his way, and announce his coming. And when the crown is placed upon his brow, lo! these same lions burn incense before him, and lift their softened tones in triumph at his success. They are near the throne; they are its supporters; yet have they not the keeping, or the bestowal, of its rewards. These are from the hands and hearts of the people, for the community of letters is a republic. None know their value better than those who venture before them. They are necessary to uphold the standard; and better it is that many should be "slain in the way," than that the high thrones should be occupied by inferior talent. Says Gerald Massey: "I know what a poet is too well to fancy that I am one yet. It is a high standard that I set up, and I do not ask it to be lowered to reach my stature; nor would I have the poet's awful crown diminished to mete my lesser brow. I may have that something within, which kindles flame-like at the breath of Love, or mounts into song in the presence of Beauty, but alas! mine is a jarring lyre. *If I were a critic, I should be savagely severe on this subject.* The dearth of poetry should be great in a country where we hail as poets such as have been crowned of late."

L. E. L. says: "To authors, ex-

perience must rather bring distrust than confidence; they are no judges of their own efforts; the portions whereon they believe their utmost exertion has been bestowed, and of which they anticipate that the result will be most favorable, may prove a complete failure. There are few 'partial friends' now-a-days, whose previous praise and advice gives you a foretaste of the critical futurity that awaits you; your manuscript goes from your desk to the press, and from the press to the public to stand or fall by a judgment which 'casts no shadows before.'"

We have before us a very thorough review of two of her poems, "The Troubadour" and "The Golden Violet." This review appeared in the "Westminster" in 1827. Although we would not ask that special mercy be shown, *because* a writer is a woman, yet this fact does not justify any reviewer in unnecessary harshness and sarcasm. We believe a just critic looks for merit, as well as demerit, and is bound to give praise when it is due, as well as censure. And it is difficult to admit that the poems of L. E. L., which took so firm a hold of so many hearts, should have possessed no element of truth or beauty. It may be as good evidence of power and eloquence, to draw the hearts of thousands, as to please the hypercritical taste of a few reviewers. The writer commences: "The attention we shall bestow upon the poems of L. E. L. will not be commensurate with our own opinion of their merits, but rather with the universal admiration bestowed upon them by the class of readers to whom they are addressed, viz: the younger parts of the fair sex, and those members of ours who deem it interesting to be sentimentally melancholy." So it is for the benefit of her admirers that he condescends to notice L. E. L.'s "extravagantly applauded productions." Farther along he says: "Though our language be very remote from the extravagant flattery

she has experienced, and by which it is scarcely possible she should not have been intoxicated, it will not be the language of flippancy or invective." And again, "Love is the great business of woman's life; and any one who discourses with but ordinary ability on this all-important topic, finds in a woman a ready, patient, and admiring listener."

With the foregoing, let us contrast what L. E. L. herself says with regard to her choice of themes; let us judge from her own words, whether she were intoxicated:

"There is one portion of a work, which, more than all others, marks the difference between the reader and the writer. It is the first read and the last written; the one which the reader dismisses the most hastily, and the writer lingers upon longest. The preface is the seal of separation between yourself and a work that must have been the chief object of many days. The excitement of composition is over, and you begin to doubt and to despond. I can not understand a writer growing indifferent from custom or success. Every new work must be the record of much change in the mind which produces it, and there is always the anxiety to know how such change will be received. It is impossible, also, for the feeling of your own moral responsibility not to increase. At first you write eagerly; composition is rather a passion than a power; but as you go on, you can not but find that to write a book is a far more serious charge than it at first appeared. Faults have been pointed out, and you are desirous of avoiding their recurrence; praise has been bestowed, and you can not but wish to show that it has not been given in vain."

In alluding to her frequent choice of love as a subject, she says: "I can only say that for a woman, whose influence and whose sphere must be in the affections, what subject can be more fitting than one which it is her peculiar province to refine, spiritualize, and exalt? With regard to the fre-

quent applications of my works to myself, considering that I sometimes portrayed love unrequited, then betrayed, and again destroyed by death — may I hint the conclusions are not quite logically drawn, as assuredly the same mind can not have suffered such varied modes of misery."

She is accused of want of originality, of repetition, of lack of rhythm, and even of plagiarism. There seems to be some unusual cause for his bitterness. The writer says: "We can see no very good reason why woman should always be rendered an instrument to the destruction of all our best sympathies. The time may come, when woman will cease to aid in rendering mankind a savage and brutal race." This is in reference to her fascinating descriptions of the "pomp and circumstance" of war. He seems to find no beauty in her poems, and attributes to her no sincere effort for the accomplishment of good.

Had she any object beyond the attainment of material good? She says: "Believing, as I do, in the great and excellent influence of poetry, may I hazard the expression of what I have myself sometimes trusted to do? A highly cultivated state of society must ever have for concomitant evils, that selfishness the result of indolent indulgence; and that heartlessness attendant on refinement, which too often hardens while it polishes. Aware that to elevate, I must first soften, and that if I wished to purify, I must first touch, I have ever endeavored to bring forward grief, disappointment, the fallen leaf, the faded flower, the broken heart, and the early grave. Surely we must be less worldly, less interested from this sympathy, with the sorrow in which our unselfish feelings alone can take part."

And again: "Encouragement is the deepest and dearest debt that a writer can incur. Moreover, you have learnt that opinions are not lightly to be put forth, when there is

even a chance of such opinions being material, wherewith others will form their own. I never saw any one reading a volume of mine, without almost a sensation of fear. I write every day more earnestly and more seriously. To show the necessity of a strong and guiding principle; to put in the strongest light, that no vanity, no pleasure can ever supply the place of affection; to soften and to elevate — has been the object of the following pages. I know too well that I can not work out my own ideal, but I deeply feel that it is the beautiful and the true."

The following extract from a poem expresses similar sentiments :

"Oh, never had the poet's lute a hope,
An aim so glorious as it now may have,
In this our social state, where petty cares
And mercenary interests only look
Upon the present's littleness, and shrink
From the bold future, and the stately past,—
Where the smooth surface of society
Is polished by deceit, and the warm heart
With all its kind affections' early flow,
Flung back upon itself, forgets to beat,
At least for others: — 'tis the poet's gift
To melt these frozen waters into tears,
By sympathy with sorrows not our own,
By wakening memory with those mournful
notes,
Whose music is the thoughts of early years,
When truth was on the lip, and feelings wore
The sweetness and the freshness of their morn.
Young poet, if thy dreams have not such hope
To purify, refine, exalt, subdue,
To touch the selfish, and to shame the vain
Out of themselves, by gentle mournfulness
Or chords that rouse some aim of enterprise,
Lofty and pure, and meant for general good;
If thou hast not some power that may direct
The mind from the mean road of daily life,
Waking affections that might else have slept,
Or high resolves, the petrified before,
Or rousing in that mind a finer sense
Of inward and external loveliness,
Making imagination serve as guide
To all of heaven that yet remain on earth,—
Thine is a useless lute: break it, and die."

We have already said more than we intended. But we must quote a few words from her preface to "Traits and Trials of Early life:—"

"Sympathy is the surest destruction of selfishness. Children, like the grown person, grow the better for participation in the sufferings where

their own only share is pity. The very youngest ought to know how much there is to endure in existence; it will teach them thankfulness in their own more fortunate lot, and meekness in bearing their own lighter burthens."

We extract a poem from the work referred to above:

THE SAILOR.

"Now tell me of my brother,
So far away at sea;
Amid the Indian islands,
Of which you read to me.

I wish that I were with him,
Then I should see on high,
The tall and stately cocoa
That rises 'mid the sky.

But only round the summit
The feathery leaves are seen;
Like the plumes of some great warrior,
It spreads its shining green.

And there the flowers are brighter
Than any that I know;
And the birds have purple plumage,
And wings of crimson glow.

There grow cinnamon and spices,
And, for a mile and more,
The cool, sweet gales of evening
Bring perfume from the shore.

Amid those sunny islands
His good ship has to roam;
Amid so many wonders
He must forget his home.

And yet his native valley,
How fair it is to-day!
I hear the brook below us
Go singing on its way.

Amid its water-lilies
He launched his first small boat —
He taught me how to build them,
And how to make them float.

And there, too, are the yew trees,
From whence he cut his bow;
Mournfully are they sweeping
The long, green grass below,

It is the lonely church-yard,
And many tombs are there;
On one no weeds are growing,
But many a flower fair.

Though lovely are the countries
That lie beyond the wave,
He will not find among them
Our mother's early grave.

I fear not for the summer,
 However bright it be;
 My heart says that my brother
 Will seek his home and me.

¶ We think all must admire the beautiful simplicity of this poem, and he must be possessed of an undue share of nicety, who can not find many others equally as beautiful. Like Mrs. Hemans, and indeed, we believe, like most female writers, she was obliged to give her time to small and comparatively unimportant efforts, which found a place in the newspaper or periodical literature of the day, rewarding the toiler with daily bread, perhaps, but with no enduring place in the temple of Fame.

LEAVES FROM A LIFE HISTORY.

REVISED BY ANNIE DANFORTH.

(Concluded.)

ONCE at uncle David's, the restraint withdrawn, the novelty of her position over, and the necessity for "acting a part" removed, Fanny grew silent, pale, almost morose. Her hopes in one direction blighted, she would not open her eyes to the blessings yet left her.

"What ails our Fanny, aunt Mary?" said uncle David. "She is not the same girl she used to be. I am afraid our still country ways don't suit her, since she has been off there to school."

"I don't know, husband. She does seem poorly and drooping-like. I am afraid she is not well, poor girl!"

Uncle David started up. "Poor girl! what makes you say that, wife? Has she been disappointed in that love affair of hers?"

"David, what can you be thinking of? I think the child is sick. What love affair?"

"Why, that Cheney, Edgar wrote about. You know as well as I do. Say, has he disappointed her?"

"I am sure I don't know. She

never has mentioned him to me. But I know it is not like her, to sit moping and silent an hour together. She does n't touch the piano, and I haven't heard her singing at her work once since she came back. Sometimes she is really cross to me. It is n't like her, poor girl!" It was evident good aunt Mary had her suspicions.

"Cross at you, wife! She mustn't be cross at you. We both love her too well for that. Ah! well, we *must* love her for her poor mother's sake."

"Well, least ways, David, I think she must be sick. Probably we better call in Dr. Anson the next time he is driving past."

"Certainly, if she is anyways sick. In the meantime, she looks so sort-o-pale and drooping, you better make her some kind of strengthening syrup," and uncle David went his way, but came back to propose that aunt Mary should give Fanny a "wet sheet pack," and get her to bed immediately.

Ha! ha! a strengthening syrup, and a sweat for a sickened heart; but these were uncle David's never failing prescription, let the disease be what it might. Aunt Mary smiled, and Dr. Anson laughed as heartily as we do.

"Give her work to do," said Dr. Anson. "Send her out in the world, where she will see real misery, something worth sighing or weeping over. Let her be appointed city missionary once, she will have no more tears to spare for useless repinings. Let her go with me once; I can show her how hearts are crushed, ground to atoms by such sorrow as would make her stand aghast at the thought of ungrateful murmuring."

Uncle David understood Dr. Anson, and what the doctor said helped him to a key by which he understood Fanny and her wants even better than the doctor himself.

"Fanny, child," said he, the next day, "what has become of your old friend Lucy Milton?"

"She is yet in R. . . ., uncle. Poor, dear Lucy!"

"Could n't we do something to revive her here in the country, think? What with the rides we might give her, and the excellent advice of good Dr. Anson, and our fresh mountain breezes, she might perhaps get some benefit; and we should no doubt be the gainers by the pleasure of her society."

"Decidedly fresh mountain breezes, I should say, with the thermometer eighteen degrees below zero. But, dear uncle, if I might have her here for a few weeks, I am sure it would do us both good. I need her gentle influence, and she needs careful nursing, such as she can get at no boarding-house. I am sure we could almost cure her."

Uncle David went after Lucy himself, and brought her carefully and tenderly, pale, weak, and feeble indeed, but, as uncle David hoped, immediately somewhat revived by the cold mountain air. Cheery and patient herself, Fanny could not but grow more so, while under her immediate influence. Fanny also herself possessed a strong will, which, now that she called it to the rescue, was aiding her to control all outward signs of suffering, even though her heart might be throbbing with anguish. She had given herself up without reserve to the wildest enthusiasm of happiness in her first love. Her imagination had pointed the future in the gayest and brightest colors, and had made heaven of what must always be earth. She had totally blinded her eyes to every possible defect in Cheney's character, and had wickedly fallen down and worshiped her idol, and now that her "golden calf" was wrested from its pedestal, and the fragments ground to powder beneath her feet, she again shut her eyes to every thing good and beautiful in the future, shaded as it was by the dazzling reflection of the past. Life's duties looked too weighty for her even to lift them, and so evading

every thing worth living for, she was fast growing impatient with life and its surroundings. The winter had passed slowly, and, for the most part, sadly away. To be sure, uncle David had in the kindness of his heart done every thing that he could to make the winter pass pleasantly to the girls. He had kept them plentifully supplied with books and newspapers, and his fine horses and gay little cutter had always been at their disposal with himself "as nice a beau as could be desired," he was sure for a driver. He could think of nothing else, except as he told aunt Mary, they "might make an apple paring for the girls, and get all the young folks together."

To this Fanny stoutly objected, really on her own account, but ostensibly because Lucy would not be able to bear the excitement; and Lucy did indeed feel unequal to the effort.

As spring opened, there was one really great cause for thankfulness; and it brought a bright light to even Fanny's eyes. Lucy was certainly much better. Her cough was rapidly giving way; the sparkle of her eye was less brilliant truly, but steadier and more healthful. She sang blithely as she wiped aunt Mary's dishes, or mixed the bread.

"Your bread and milk and baked apples are surely curing me, dear aunty; and with the help of those horse-back rides on the mountains that uncle David promises, I am sure I shall be well again by the —"

"Time Alden comes," broke in Fanny, holding above her head a letter with the well-known post-mark. "You will have to be in haste then; the first of April is almost here."

"Two weeks; but give me the letter."

"And just twelve portions of Dr. Anson's last prescription. Uncle must bring up the horses this very afternoon. I am your self-constituted cavalier."

"A most acceptable appointment. Come, give me the letter."

"It is to myself, my dear. The

Rev. Mr. Alden begs leave to say, that he shall spend his first Sabbath with us one week earlier than he anticipated. We are therefore to be ready to receive him within three days. I advise you to ride continually until he arrives."

There was no mistaking the flush of pleased surprise on Lucy's face, and this, in addition to the rapid ride of half a mile up the mountain in the afternoon, made aunt Mary almost think that she was really nearly well.

Just at evening, Fanny came bounding into Lucy's room with something of the old glee in her manners, exclaiming, "I have some good news at last, darling! We are to have a change in our programme of every-day life, by means of the arrival of an old beau of ours in town!"

"Old beau of *ours*, indeed!" said Lucy. "But who has come? Don't keep me in suspense."

"Give me time to take breath. I must tell you just how it happened. All winter uncle David has been harping away about some friend of his, whom he always called Edgar. 'I wish Edgar were only here,' and 'Edgar is like an own son to me,' 'You would have gayer times, I suppose, if Edgar would come;' these, with the variations, I have heard every day. Just now uncle came in in great haste to tell aunt Mary that Edgar had at last made his appearance. Quiet aunt Mary really grew enthusiastic in her expressions of delight, and ended by saying, 'I suppose Mrs. Willis is almost beside herself with happiness.'"

"Willis!—Edgar Willis, Fanny?"

"The very question I asked myself. Uncle was surprised; thought I had known all along that it was our old friend. He sends his compliments for this evening."

Lucy looked thoughtful, even sad.

"By your demure face, one would say you were really sorry, Lucy. For my part, I rejoice at any thing that gives promise of a change."

"I am almost sorry, Fanny! Promise me, dear, that you will not renew your flirtation with him."

"Why, Lucy. Well, no; that is, not if you will take him off my hands. Something must be done with him, you know. Alden is coming, and as you will probably be entirely devoted to each other, I suppose I must try to entertain Willis," answered Fanny, mischievously.

"But, Fanny, he more than half loves you already. Why will you win a heart, you will only regard as worthless?"

"Too high by at least two thirds, darling! As for the man's heart, I presume he never possessed the article. If he has one, it would be a work of charity to help him find it. I only wonder that he is such a favorite with uncle David."

"Fanny, you know that you do not believe yourself what you are saying. Willis has, no doubt, many faults, not the least of which is the one which (I beg your pardon, dear,) you set yourself deliberately about committing, that of trifling with the feelings of others. But he has a heart, as you will find by-and-by; and now suppose you should make this discovery, and that he has with perfect confidence in your faith, given it to your keeping, what shall you do?"

"Do? Marry him, of course, if he desires it."

"Fanny Winchester!"

"Yes, marry him Lucy! Don't look so horrified. I shall do so."

If the girl could have seen the hard, cold, determined look on her own face, she would have remembered the night when Livy had looked just so. She sunk upon the floor at Lucy's feet, and buried her face in her lap, and there she sobbed and sobbed like a sick child. At first, her friend rejoiced that she was giving some expression to her long pent-up grief; but she grew terrified at length, and begged her to be quiet and calm again.

The sun went down as they sat

there, those two friends, one pale and weak with excitement and sympathy, the other, so blinded by tears, that she did not see how pale her friend had grown — so lost and bewildered with her own sorrow, that she forgot every thing else. Aunt Mary looked in upon them once, and then sent Willis away, telling him that neither of her dear girls were well enough to see him that night. At length, when the stars that shone aslant through the window when the sun went down, had gone far up toward the meridian, and others were looking in upon them; when Fanny had ceased to weep, and had sat still and motionless well nigh an hour, Lucy began to speak low and tremulous at first of the sorrows and trials of this life; but her voice grew strong and bold as she spoke of the wondrous joys and triumphs of another.

"God bless you, darling," said Fanny. "Your holy trust and faith make you strong to bear. Would to Heaven they were mine. But alas! I go groping my way in the dark. Oh, Lucy! you never can—you never must know how wickedly my heart rebels, and how almost blasphemously it cries against the power that is leading me. Oh! it is not—it can not be in love that my path is marked out. You are frightened. You think me wild. I am wild with this aching and aching in my head and heart. Every flower beneath my feet is blighted; every star above my head is dimmed, and every ray of light turned to darkness." She was silent again for a few moments, then springing to her feet, she exclaimed, "Why, Lucy, forgive me! I am killing you with my selfish moaning. Come, it is over now. Let us go to bed."

Lucy would have detained her to say a few words of comfort and warning, but she would not listen.

The next day Willis called again, and Lucy noticed gladly that he was quietly, almost coldly, received by Fanny. Before night the same day,

there was another arrival, and now the faint flush on Lucy's cheek deepened, until it wore the very resemblance of health. Alden had just been settled as pastor of a small church in a neighboring village. Lucy's heart sympathized so entirely with his gentle yet devoted piety, that she looked up to him with that reverence which greater strength of character and dignity would have secured to him from others. Poor Lucy, who had been so long alone in the world, leaned with a happy, confiding trust upon the arm which so gladly supported her, and would so gladly have warded off the attacks of that disease, which, Alden knew, was only for a short time hiding its head. Aunt Mary and uncle David shook their heads doubtingly, but it was impossible for any to look sad while Lucy was smiling so cheerfully and hopefully; and Fanny seemed to forget herself while entering heartily into Lucy's pleasant prospects for the future. Willis was always there, too, with his ever-ready hand and merry laugh, adding his mite to the general happiness. Lucy and Alden were so much together, that, as Fanny had predicted, she was often left to entertain Willis. Uncle David grew merry at their expense, and talked jocosely to Fanny of his prospective nephew. She was learning to smile, patiently she thought, merrily uncle David thought, and happily Willis thought. They were all mistaken. She was fast learning to deceive herself and others.

In the early part of May, Lucy and Alden were married, and Willis and Fanny went to see them duly installed in their new home. There were a few days of bustle and hilarity, and then every thing subsided naturally to the quiet the newly-wedded so dearly love. Alden sometimes trembled when he looked at what he knew was before him, and his heart ached when he thought of the years of redoubled loneliness with which he must pay for the

privilege of soothing with loving tenderness the downward steps of Lucy to the grave; for he could not delude himself with the hope that this seeming was real health. But Lucy looked so hopefully toward the future in this world, and so trustfully and fearlessly toward the future in another, that he could not see clearly the gloom that hung over his own pathway, lighted as it was by bright reflection from hers.

"How I wonder at myself," Lucy once said to Fanny, "when I find myself so eagerly planning for a long life. I who have so long felt that I stood with one foot already in the grave. Three months ago, I should have thought that I could never call back my affections to earth. Then I had almost

— Caught a vision of the palms
Around the throne of God.

But now

'In velvet fields I know the lambkins play,
And infant violets peep;'

and already has my almost parted heart

'Returned for these to weep.'

Oh, Fanny! I no longer pout impatiently for the joys of heaven; those of earth have grown so beautiful — so enticing."

When Fanny returned home, it was with the determination to make herself as useful as possible to her aged relatives; and she soon had occasion to exert herself in their behalf; for although life for a few weeks ran smoothly on at uncle David's, there was then a change, with which we shall best become familiar by quoting from a letter written to Lucy by Fanny, about four months after her return.

"DARLING:— You have been away so long, that I have a great deal to tell you, both of myself and of the dear friends with whom I find a home. All this weary time, how often have I wished for one word of counsel, and of late, for comfort; for dear uncle David has been very, very sick. He has almost had a glimpse of heaven, he says, and, indeed, we fear that he

will soon leave us now, although he is somewhat better. You should see him now, that his heart is so much withdrawn from earth. He seems to me something almost holy. He has been a great sufferer, and oh! Lucy, what a lesson of forbearance, of unwavering trust, of Christian fortitude and love has been taught me, had I but the heart to learn. But ah, me! my willful, rebellious heart will never be right, I fear. But now, darling, I must write something of myself, 'and of Willis,' I know you are saying. Yes, of Willis. He is gone — gone to Europe. He will be away six months more, and when he comes back, we are to be married. Don't start now and turn pale. I have not done this thoughtlessly, as I know you feared I would. I am convinced that in consenting to this, I have done the wisest, the best thing possible for both myself and him, for I believe now he really loves me; and I hope, I trust, indeed, I am sure my heart responds,— not wildly, impulsively, I confess, not eagerly as it once before responded to what proved to be but love's resemblance, but yet hopefully, cheerfully. My imagination does not color the future in the same gorgeous unclouded hues it once colored it, but no doubt the painting now is more true to the life. We have done Willis injustice. He is not a heartless coquette. I would he had your husband's Christian faith. Yes, wicked, doubting as I am, I should put even greater trust in him, were he in that respect more like Alden, or more like — but I must beware how and where I draw comparisons. He loves me, thank Heaven for that! he loves me! and no doubt we shall be happy. My heart looks backward sometimes, darling, and aches, and looks forward, too, and trembles, but I am quite happy, or at least shall be, no doubt. I am sure he loves me. But uncle calls. God bless you. Adieu. FANNY."

Uncle David lingered a few weeks more, and then like a shock of corn

fully ripe, he was gathered to his fathers. The old homestead went to strangers, and aunt Mary followed her children to the west, where they had already made themselves homes, and Fanny became a teacher in a neighboring village, making her home with a cousin, who kindly opened his doors to bid her welcome. The old journal was revived, and we will select occasional extracts from its pages.

Oct. 31. Alone! alone! oh! the length and breadth of bitterness there is in that word. How does my heart sink and sink as I write the word, or repeat it to myself. Oh, uncle David! You have joined company with hosts of kindred spirits, but the light of your earthly dwelling has gone out forever. You are singing ceaseless praises, but we weep in silence. Oh, my dear uncle! Here, at my cousin's, I find a cheerful welcome, but they are all strangers; and thus with an aching, withered, yes, withered heart, I find myself once more alone. Oh! at that bed of death, I got new glimpses of the end, the obligations, the worth of life. I see now that mine has been almost a desert, where nothing healthy and green has grown, and only because I would plant only worthless weeds. For two years, I have only asked for death. Why has not that fearful prayer been answered? But now when I would rouse my heart, and move my hand to work worthy of myself, I am paralyzed, my heart faints, and my hand trembles.

Twinkling stars with glimmering light
Gleam on the darkness of the night;
But my soul with murmuring sigh
Earthward turns its weeping eye,
Saying ever with a moan,
"Oh! how dark this world has grown.
Father, these complaints forgive,
Stars are shining! let me live!"

Upward springing here and there,
Flowers thornless, pure and fair,
Light my pathway with their smile,
But my heart with wonted guile
Gathers with impatient will
Only thistle blossoms still.

Father, these misdeeds forgive,
Violets blossom! let me live!

Gushing strains of melody,
Sing gay birds with pinion free;
But my heart to murmur prone,
Listens ever for the moan
Of the grieving turtle dove,
O'er her lost, her perished love.
This, too, Father, this forgive,
Larks are singing! let me live!

It was three months before Fanny again took up her pen, and during that time she had been down to the very verge of the grave. From that fearful illness she came up an altered, and by far a better woman. It had been well for her to look death in the face, and to see dancing before her bewildered eyes the wasted days, the foolish triumphs and trifling pleasures of the past. How multiplied seemed the former, how fearful the latter. With strong resolves to do and bear with an enlightened, confiding trust in Heaven, she laid her plans for the future, and took up the new life burdens.

Feb. 10. Journal. This morning's mail brought me a letter from Mrs. Willis. She writes that her son will prolong his stay until autumn. It is strange he does not write directly to me. I have received but one letter from him since he left. His mother assures me that his letters must have been miscarried, but it seems unlikely to me that her letters should have come so regularly all the time, and mine all be lost. However, it may be, although I am ashamed to own the truth to my own heart. I can not but hope that she is mistaken. Oh! how madly have I courted what seems now to me to be a bitter fate. I tried to delude myself into the belief that I really loved him; I thought he loved me, and said again and again that I was, that I would be happy. I tried to quiet the revoltings of my heart with this story, and with the hope that I was acting wisely, but though it listened to the commands of will, it was not deceived, only lulled. Now my eyes are open, and how I shrink from meeting him — my

promised husband, and tremble at the thought perhaps he really loves me. Yes, I fear he loves me. Well, if he asks a fulfillment of my promise, it shall be as he desires. I will do what is in my power, to save myself from adding to the catalogue of my sins,—that of wrecking the hopes, the trust of another. If I might, I would keep my secret from him; but that must not be. He shall at least have my perfect confidence. He shall know all, and then if he wills it, I will be to him a true, faithful, obedient, and so far as is in my power, a loving wife. Here I record my vow. I will keep it. So help Heaven.

Feb. 21. Since writing this last record, how great a change has come over my prospects. Once more the cloud that hung over me has given way, and revealed its "silver lining." The mail a few days since brought me a letter from Edgar Willis. He has kindly taken it out of my power to break his heart. He is married to Livy Price. May they be happy! Heaven grant it! Heaven bless them. Willis says in his letter to me:

"If this intelligence causes you unhappiness, then God forgive me. I could not help it. I thought I loved Angy, I tried to love you, I *do* love Livy, and she is my wife. I did not deliberately deceive you, but I did willfully deceive myself. I have heard of the death of good old uncle David, and my heart aches when I think of your lonely condition. If this makes you more lonely, then Heaven forgive me; you never can." Now am I brave, hopeful, happy Fanny Winchester. Come toil, come strife, come loneliness and weariness. I do not shrink, I do not faint, I do not tremble.

They came, the toil, the strife, the loneliness, the weariness, and, as she had said, she did not shrink, or faint, or tremble. But this did not always last, as we shall see, if we take a few more extracts from the convenient journal. But first we will refer once more to Willis. He might not have

known when he found it necessary so suddenly to go to England, that Livy had preceded him thither to take possession of an estate left her by a deceased uncle. But certain it is, that when he met her there, he found her added charms irresistible, and had yielded himself a ready victim, bound by a golden chain.

Oct. 1. I am, and have been for three weeks past with Lucy. Dear Lucy is fast failing again. She lingers with us yet, but she has this time a vision of something more than the "palms upon the mount of God." While she stays, we have an angel abiding with us. Alden looks on calmly, almost triumphantly. We shall lose something when she goes, nothing to what she loses by her stay.

Oct. 8. Yesterday I became entirely exhausted by continual watching. Lucy would not rest until I tried to get a little sleep. She had seemed excited and nervous all the morning, and I dreaded to leave her, but her entreaties prevailed. I had slept probably two hours, and was hastening through the parlor to her room, when Alden called me to stop. He did not speak quick enough to prevent me from opening the door. I caught sight of a person sitting by Lucy. Alden reached me, and pulling me back, shut the door, and lifted me to the sofa, just in time to save me from falling.

"I saw you were going to faint," said Alden, kindly, when I had recovered my self-possession, and, in some measure, my strength. "Lucy could not bear a scene, you know."

"Oh, no! I thank you for helping me. But I am strong and calm now. Let me go to Lucy."

"Not yet, Fanny. See how your hand trembles."

The face I had seen was Kenneth Cheney's. It afterward became known to me, that Lucy had brought about this meeting without the consent of either, hoping that it might result in the happiness of both. Alden laid

me back carefully upon the sofa, and, strange as it may seem, I again fell into a quiet, dreamless sleep. When I awoke, I found that it was already dark, and lights, carefully shaded, stood upon the table. I remembered the face I had seen, and lay still, wondering if I could meet him calmly now. I could not quiet the wild throbbing at my heart. At length I heard a voice call my name, and the next moment I was lifted from the sofa by a strong arm. I could not see clearly the face that was bending over me, for my eyes were "dim with tears." But I heard the whispered words — I have hidden them in the secret chambers of my heart — "What shall I render unto God for all his benefits?"

Nov. 3. Standing by Lucy's couch, we were married, Kenneth and I. She begged that it might be so. It was a sad bridal indeed; there were few smiles, many tears. Lucy only smiling. She only not weeping. She had already done with tears. The next morning ours followed afresh. Lucy was in heaven.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

BY HATTIE HAWTHORNE.

IT was a beautiful evening in early summer. As I sat near an open window, my head resting on my hand, thinking of the sorrows of my life, the clear, sweet notes of a robin fell on my ear. Sweet robin, I thought, how happy it is; it knows no sin. Would that I were a bird, too. But the thought was hardly formed, ere my heart reproached me. It might not be so strange for those who have never known a Saviour's love, and never felt the influence of the blessed Comforter on their hearts; those who have no support under the trials of life, and no hope of a happy immortality, to wish that they were like the birds or beasts, who exist for a time, and then perish wholly. But to one who has that hope which is an

anchor to the soul, who can look on the troubles here as not worthy to be compared with the glory which is to be revealed, such a thought is utterly repugnant. But though I may not wish to be like the robin in its brief existence, I may seek to be like it, always sounding the praises of my Creator, in storm as well as in prosperity. I may learn like it, to look to my Heavenly Father for a supply of my daily wants, without an anxious thought for the future. And then I thought, oh, that I had it in my hands, that I might fold it to my bosom, look into its bright eyes, and hear its sweet song close to my ears. But would it sing then? I fear not. I must leave it unfettered and unpinioned to soar at pleasure wherever it will under the broad, blue canopy of heaven, if I would listen to its song. Let me learn then, that I must sunder every sordid tie which binds me to earth, if I would have my spirit fitted to soar above the petty vexations of life, and delight in the sunshine of infinite Love.

SELF-CONQUEST.

BY MAURICE DELANCEY.

"PRACTICE makes perfect."

I have not traced these words as something new, for all have heard them, but as a kind of apology for taking up the pen; for know thou, patient reader, that I never sit down to write for the public eye, without misgivings as to whether I can present my thoughts in a form instructive, yet free from dullness. But "waiting" to become a fluent writer, will never accomplish the end sought; so comforting myself with the reflection that practice will at last lead to improvement, I grasp the pen anew, and give you this as my simple apology. I am going to talk a little about government; not judicial or parental, but government of self, and I claim it as being one of the most important subjects which can be named.

The drunkard knows that it would be better for his health, better for his family, better every way, if he would abandon his cups, but still he does not do it! And why? Just because he can't make himself mind. Now, reader, I am not going to name a list of persons who have lost their self-government, but I am going to be personal, and say boldly, "Thou art the man." You think if you were a drunkard, you would break off the dread habit immediately. Well, I think may be you would, more likely you would not. Now for the proof. The old man who gathered a bundle of sticks, (in the fable) and found he could not carry them, put the bundle down and put on more sticks, and then tried again; with what success, you may judge. We laugh at the old man, and yet go away and do the same thing. "How so?" do you ask.

In many ways. I will take one illustration. Suppose that you have business planned for the morrow, which will require you to rise early. You propose to rise on wakening, but the morning is cold, and the bed inviting, and you lie just half an hour trying to make yourself get up, and console yourself with the reflection that another morning you will get up. Aye! that's it; you have put another stick on your bundle, and think it will break easier. You think you could abandon the tempting cup, and endure all those fierce gnawings which torment the newly-reformed; and yet you haven't moral strength to kick off a sheet, blanket, and comfortable, and stand up a conqueror over laziness. So it goes! There are every morning plenty lying in bed, who can not get themselves up, even with the assistance of conscience, whose little nettles are continually stinging the tardy. Thousands there are, who say they would give large sums to be rid of this bad habit, or that — it may be a love for strong drink, or for a certain weed, or a habit of getting in a passion, or of eating too much, or

a desire to steal or cheat, and thousands more there are who say little, but think more on items of reformation which they should adopt, but can not bring themselves to it.

There are letters unanswered, which should be answered; accounts unsettled, which should be settled; promises unfulfilled, which there is no reasonable excuse for; there are temptations to be met, which, if met boldly, would cease to be temptations; but they are met feebly, and the serpent conquers. There are headaches, because we do not govern ourselves in our appetites, and heartaches because we do not perfectly control our tempers. There are hard feelings which find vent in hard words, and thus anger begets strife.

Then the uncertain to-morrow; how we hang our hopes upon it, while the golden moments are slipping past us into eternity, freighted, not with high aspirations and noble deeds, but with unhealthy longings for something different, with dreamings of some sphere where we could lay aside toil, and live as did our parents in the garden.

"Happiness!" is the cry of mortals — "we seek happiness!" and so on the shores of India, of Australia, of California, thousands lay down their lives seeking for it. It is sought in fame, in splendor, in the arts and sciences, in change, in travel, and all because the multitude have not yet learned that duty performed, that self and selfishness conquered, bring the highest, the most lasting happiness.

We can not escape from ourselves; so if our motives are wrong, there will be a disquiet within, however circumspectly we may walk in the eye of the world; but if our motives are pure — if we seek the greatest good of the greatest number, then slander and malignity will fall on us unheeded. If we can lay us on our couches with that self-respect which integrity and uprightness of conduct give, with no troubling thought of bad deeds done, or good left undone,

then our sleep will be sweet, and the morning light will wake us—not to the murmuring thought, “Another day of miserable toil,” but the far better, happier one—“Another day of active usefulness.”

WHAT A WIFE CAN DO; OR, A STORY FOR THE TIMES.

BY VETA VERNON.

ONE morning at the commencement of the great financial crisis, Mr. McClellan was seated in his private counting-room with papers abundantly strewn before him. He was looking over the bank list and prices current with more of an anxious business look, than of one seeking entertainment. They told sad tales of banks suspended, trading-houses closed, panic on all sides. His own private mail was brought in; each letter served to make assurance doubly sure; each reported the wrecks of ships launched upon the great ocean of adventure; of princely fortunes drawn within the great maelstrom, speculation, where, after a dizzy whirl, they went down into the waters of destruction. Oh! it was enough to make stout hearts quail to read the story of wretched hopes, the despair of those who had been toilers up life's hill-side to amass wealth, that they might by-and-by lay off the yoke of labor, and enjoy the sunset of life in easy tranquillity and repose; but now found themselves again at the foot of the hill, with nothing but a heavy heart and weary hands. It was sad to read of the sacrifice of honor and truth at the altar of the modern Moloch—gold,—and the sacrifice, too, of God's gift—life—by those, who, in their cowardice, fly from the destruction and misery that faces them, to meet—God keep them from that greater ill.

But these tidings of other's failures affected also the reader of them. He turned to his books of “debit and credit,” which showed the names of

firms who now had become insolvent; his own liabilities were by no means a small item, for he had entered largely into trade; but he might, by a desperate effort, yet weather the storm. He studied what was to be done; as a man of honor, he would liquidate his own debts, let others do as they would, although he knew that unless his debtors could meet their obligations to him, he stood in great danger of a downfall; but he despised the too current code of some dealers, “that in such times no man is expected to pay debts.”

There must be retrenchment in every way, and then quick-winged thought carried him to his home, where dwelt his household treasures. Must his gentle, lovely Lilian, and his pretty, blooming Rosa, must they, too, feel the change? And then a pang of grief shot across his heart; it was bitter! he forgot self, and thought only of those dearer than self. Memory put back the curtain which hid the intervening years since he had wooed and won the gentle, loving, and refined Lilian from the home circle of the Dana mansion, to make a home for him. Home! that goal to which every heart turns, within whose holy precincts it may throw off the garb of care to rest. And she, his Lily, had made such a *rest* for him. He remembered she had always been a patient listener, a good counselor, and a gentle soother. “Then why not go and tell her all? She sure will not wish me to bear this great burden alone, when she has ever been ready to sympathize in trivial annoyances.

Thus saying to himself, he took his hat and started for home; soon it would be his home no longer.

Oscar McClellan was no sniveler to come with pitiful face and whining voice to work upon his wife's feelings; nor was he a reviler to call down curses upon his own head for plunging his family into poverty; he was a *man* made in God's image, bearing his seal upon his brow. I will not

say he had no misgivings, no regret, for he was *human*.

He entered the door, hitherto a portal to peace and rest; the ever-welcoming smile greeted him, but the eye of affection detected the look of anxiety. His wife saw that the waters of his soul were troubled, and she asked, "My husband, what is it?"

He took her hand, as at his first wooing, and said, "Lily, you took me for better for worse, and now the *worse* has come; I am a poor man, but I hope an honest one. I will not defraud any to save myself. This pleasant but costly home must be exchanged for a humbler one, and we must begin life anew. Can you bear it, Lily, for a time, keeping the heart of hope alive for a future day? Can you plight your troth over again?"

A tearful eye was raised to his, but a smiling lip said, "I give thee my troth." This new contract was sealed with a kiss.

"God bless thee, my noble wife, my Lily; you have relieved me of one load; the others time alone can lift."

He turned to go back to his store; he hesitated at the door, but did not say what was on his lip. "Do not grieve too much, little wife; keep good cheer for my sake." He knew that her *woman's heart* would teach her all her duty.

When Lily was left alone, she shed some tears, for she had ever been fortune's child, and she knew that some things which she had looked upon as necessities, would now be luxuries, and these she could no longer indulge in. But she wept most that she must leave the home made dear by so many cherished associations. It was not an unthought of misfortune. She had heard of the gloom cast over families with whom she was acquainted, by the losing of their all; of men who went out in the morning rich; who were entitled "merchant princes," but came back at night penniless and homeless; of wives and daughters who had been delicately

reared, now using their talents and accomplishments as means of daily support; but *she* had had hoped to escape the storm.

After a short indulgence in tears, she began to look around her to see what she could part with, and what retain, for if it were not necessary they would still keep some articles which had become dear by long use, with which to beautify and enliven another home for her child, her Rosa; and for her noble husband's sake she would strive to make that home attractive. She decided that her music and books, all except some rare works of art, which were not necessary for their enjoyment, must accompany them, they could not be spared. She next visited the conservatory to take a farewell of those dear, silent companions, for she knew she must part with these costly plants, all except a few fragrant favorites. A choice lily and some beautiful rose-bushes were set aside, for these were so closely identified with themselves, bearing their own names, they still must be a part of the family. And little Rosa had said, "she *did* love the roses when they were *little*, for papa called her his rose bud, and she thought it was a pretty name, and then she wondered whether she would ever get to be a rose, and whether papa would love her just as well." Then oh! then how that mother's heart prayed her precious flower might not be blighted in the bud, and if it might blossom to the rose, that that rose might have no canker.

While thus employed, a visitor was announced; the usual salutations were said, and then the conversation turned upon the general topic of the day — hard times, failures, and great bargains. Her friend then added, "I called to invite you, Mrs. McClellan, to ride down with me to Arden & Lester's store; they have failed, and their goods are selling at a marvelously low price to enable them to raise money immediately. Poor Mrs. Lester, too, must leave her splendid

home; they can no longer live in such princely style; the house, furniture, and all is advertised for sale. If one had the money, what bargains could be made. I think it economy to purchase now, when goods can be obtained for less than half what we paid for them a year ago; so I am going to provide myself with dresses, etc., which we shall need next summer, and save, as our husbands say, 'fifty per cent.' Will you make an investment? You smile; do you not agree with me, and will you not accompany me?"

"I do not exactly agree with you in all you say, my friend. The temptations for making purchases are great, I admit, but the two or three hundred dollars or more that I might spend this morning in buying needful articles, and in providing against future wants as a piece of *economy*, might be much less easily spared by my husband now, than double that sum next summer, when calls for money will be less; and the present interest of it would more than supply my purse at that time. I can not think it economy to purchase articles because they are cheap, when our husbands are struggling hard, and paying exorbitant rates of interest, in order to obtain money to keep up in their business. Beside these feelings of principle, I have another powerful check to unnecessary expenditure this morning. By the failure of the house you speak of, and others, my husband is seriously affected, and we feel that we have no moral right to indulge in luxuries and extravagances, purchased with what we have no right to. We shall doubtless be forced to leave the home which has been ours so long."

"You astonish me, my dear Mrs. McClellan! Must you leave this elegant home? Can you give up these every-day luxuries? How can you so calmly talk of leaving it all? Will you be happy and contented, or does the novelty of life in a cottage make it romantic to you?"

"It will be no romance to me, unless a romance founded on stern and sad reality. I am not a heroine to enact with enthusiasm the 'Love in a Cottage' plan, or 'Paradise in two Rooms,' but I shall, by a cheerful endurance of our reverses, endeavor to strengthen my husband's heart. I could not be happy to see him struggling alone. I must be a 'help-mate' to him now; if our love and our help should fail him now, he would be *poor* indeed."

"Why, my friend Lilian! I never thought there was so much wise reasoning in that little head of yours. I knew you had a loving heart, but 't is not always true that love and reason dwell together. I think you ought to be put in president of some society, but I do n't rightly know what either. I do n't think it would be a 'woman's rights society,' for you do not advocate their rights very strongly —"

"Only the right a wife always has of aiding and cheering her husband."

"When do you remove, and where?"

"That is yet to be decided. I have only learned the necessity for the change a little while before you came in; but when we know ourselves, you will be apprised of our future destination, for I trust you are not a 'summer friend.' And this will be one of the 'thorns in the path;' there will be a humbling of the 'pride of life' to see my former 'ten thousand friends' turn from me with averted eyes."

"Dear Lilian, no *true* friend can treat you thus, and I think you have been loved for your *worth* as well as your *wealth*. But be assured your girlhood's friend will not forget or forsake you. I think I shall return home now rather than to make those purchases. Your views of the subject are correct, and perhaps a little reflection of my part may be worth more than my 'fifty per cent.' investment."

At a later hour than usual, Mr. McClellan returned. He had spent the day in earnest work. He drew

deposits from the bank to meet notes due that day, cancelled other notes; he called his creditors together, stated his true position, offering to pay them as far as his means allowed, and by selling his house, furniture, and some other pieces of property, would cover nearly all; but asking time on the rest, saying that all should be right in the end; but he wished still to keep his store open, and by hard struggling he might yet get through without utterly failing.

By his honorable and upright dealings, he had long held the confidence of worthy and influential men; they saw he still held to his integrity, and they were lenient. Retrenchment was made, part of the clerks were paid and dismissed, for he would no longer use services he could not pay for; and at night he went home with a lighter heart, feeling that he had done his duty.

A few weeks passed; their first and wedded home was exchanged for a less ostentatious one; one servant only was employed, for the hands of love ministered now instead of hirelings. Many accustomed comforts were missed, but by the change Mr. McClellan was enabled to retain his name on the merchant's list, although now he was obliged to do business upon a smaller scale and with caution; but he was happy, for he felt that his home was unblighted, and his name unstained.

One evening when Mr. McClellan returned to his home, his wife met him with the same smile, but he thought it looked like smiles shining through tears. He drew her toward him, and asked, "Is it not home here, my Lily?"

"Yes, *here*," said she, as she laid her head against his breast, which had pillowed it for so many years.

Her husband imprinted a kiss upon that truthful, loving face, and asked again, "Are you happy and contented? And how do you spend your time?"

She raised her head, and as they seated themselves, she called the little

Rosa, and said, "Tell papa if we are happy, and what we do while he is at the store working for us."

"Yes, little Rosebud, let us have the programme," added the father.

"Well; I know *I* am happy, for I am with dear mamma all the day. I don't have to study lessons with Madame . . . any more, for mamma teaches me, and we learn pretty songs to sing together, so as to make you happy, too, when you come home, and that is the nicest time of the day. Then I water *my* rose buds, and watch to see how they grow to be roses, and, too, I wait upon mamma, and then she calls me her little 'maid of honor.' So I am very happy, and I guess mamma is, too, for she says we are always happy when we have done what is right, and I know she does just as right as ever she can."

"Oh! I have my dearest treasures left me yet. I can not feel poor while blessed with such a wife and child. Bear on, brave hearts, a little longer, I have two objects yet to labor for; first, to see the day when I can say, 'I owe no man any thing,' but love, and then to re-instate you, my dear ones, to your former home, or one equally fitted to minister to your taste and pleasure, and feel that I owe you, dear wife, a whole lifetime of devotion to repay you for your noble denial of self-gratifications, and for the encouragement you have given me. If you had, like the wives of too many of my brother merchants, still insisted upon retaining all their luxuries, and adhering to all the fashions, which now is *crime*, I could not hope to stand where I do. You have saved me. Bless you, my Lily, for it."

And she will be blessed; "her children shall rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and praiseth her;" her own approving conscience will reward her; such acts of woman's heroic love, ever meet with a reward. May other wives and daughters who would strengthen the hearts and hands of husbands and fathers, "go and do likewise."

LETTERS FROM QUIETSIDe.

III.

G, *June.*

MY dear M. . . . :—Life! What is it? What a field of thought opens to the contemplative observer of his inner and outer existence. A merely casual looker-on must feel that “we are fearfully and wonderfully made,” and the inquiry arises, “What are we? whence are we? and whither are we going?” We are conscious of physical and intellectual construction, of which no perfect imitation, or even a good resemblance, has been made. True, the mechanism of animal bodies has furnished models to the curious machinist, and to the devotees of arts and science; but how far short do they fall of the perfectness of design, the beautiful proportions, and the exquisite finish which distinguish all the works of the Grand Architect of Nature.

“What’s yet in this, that bears the name of life?” Every thing that meets the eye, from the most majestic to the tiniest, is teeming with the spirit of growth and motion; this we call life. Involved in its mysterious affinities, is the “article of Death.” “In this life are hid more thousand deaths; and *this*, we fear, that makes the odds all even.”

Then man, so beautifully formed in the image of his Creator—so wonderful in faculties, in comprehension, in aspiration “so like a god,” has in nature “hid more thousand deaths.” An innate principle, continually driving life’s machinery, till this “sensible warm motion becomes a kneaded cold, and the delighted spirit” looks out upon the immense unknown, and shrinkingly clings to life as an experienced evil, rather than to launch upon the bleak uncertainty of death, “to go, we know not where; to lie in cold obstruction and to rot.” This is the shrinking of humanity from that great change called Death; and it is a natural dread.

But in every reflecting mind there

is a compensating principle, a “pleasing hope, a fond desire, a longing after immortality.” In confirmation of this instinct—this innate conviction derived from inanimate life, our Father has revealed to us “the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting.” In the death, resurrection, and ascension of Jesus Christ, “life and immortality are brought to light,” and “Heaven is all lavish of strange gifts to man.” While all the glory belongs to God, “man’s is the boundless bliss.”

Man has been called “a religious animal;” the constitution of his mind inclines him to serious contemplation; but his “thoughts roam in conjecture forlorn” until they are illuminated by the divine ray of revelation; this lights them to the source of hope and joy, and gives the assurance that it shall be well with the righteous.

My thoughts have recently dwelt upon the conflicting exhibitions of men’s religious feelings, as influencing their ambitious projects; like those of Clovis, the founder of the Merovingian dynasty in France, and the Emperor Charles V., whose dark notions of religion induced the fear of death, which he sought to obviate by self-inflicted penance and religious seclusion in a Spanish monastery.

The graphic description of this event by Doct. Robertson, has always excited my imagination to a gloom; having considered it one of the most remarkable acts of self abnegation that the world has ever seen, an extravagant and romantic interest took possession of my infancy.

The greatest monarch of the sixteenth century—the sovereign of central and peninsular Europe—eminent in *all* that constitutes the greatness of great men in public life, abdicating thrones for religious retirement, presented a rare and imposing spectacle to an admiring world.

In all scenery it is perhaps true, that “distance lends enchantment to the view.” This is particularly true of the “Cloister Life of Charles V.”

A perusal of his habits and modes of living during the three last years of his life, as copied from various authentic documents, tends very much to destroy the illusion thrown around his memory by the mists of religious fanaticism and the lapse of three hundred years. Broken in health, his grand career had reached its culminating point; embarrassments were hedging his way, and the future gave no promise that his decaying fortunes might be retrieved. This seemed to be the moment for carrying into effect a plan which he had contemplated for twenty years. His wife and himself had agreed, that after their children should all be established in life, themselves would spend their life's evening in monastic seclusion.

From his ancestry, both Austrian and Spanish, he seems to have inherited a temperament inclined to melancholy and gloom. The age in which he lived was controlled by superstition and religious infatuation. What priestly craft dictated, few were so hardy as to contradict, or even to distrust.

After forty years experience of public and imperial life — twenty of which he had lived in widowhood; his health broken, and depressed in spirits, he sought the cloister of Yuste, in Estramadura, Spain. Here he thought to find space between the world and the grave, to meditate and prepare by church imposed penances, for that great change which comes alike to all. The change in his household establishment was unquestionably very great; but his mode of life does not accord with the ideas generally entertained of religious asceticism.

A part of the monastery had been fitted up by his own instructions, and called, by way of distinction, "The Palace." His attendants, a considerable retinue, were all Flemings, who had accompanied him from the Netherlands, his native country, and who felt themselves superior to the friars, with whom their intercourse was by no means harmonious. By himself

in his dispatches, and by all who approached him, he was styled "Emperor." His powerful intellect was continually employed upon the changing phases of European politics. His sisters were dowager queens, his daughter regent, his son emperor, but they all sent their dispatches to him, and consulted him before acting upon any business of moment, and he seemed to expect this deference as his right. A bigot in his religious views, he indulged the most virulent animosity to the principles of the reformation, and openly expressed his regret that he had suffered Luther to escape the punishment due to his heresy. He never assumed the friar's hood, nor became a member of their fraternity by profession; but seems to have lived among them in accordance with his own tastes, which were rather simple than otherwise.

He was a devout worshiper of nature, and had special enjoyment in rural scenery and wood-land sports. Floriculture was also a favorite recreation, to which he added an excessive fondness for domestic pets. He was a devotee of the fine arts, particularly music and painting, in both of which he was a connoisseur.

In his youth he married Isabella of Portugal, and was a devoted, loving husband during her life, and fondly cherished her memory to the last moment of his own; holding in his dead hand her miniature picture, which had been his solace through twenty years of widowhood. As a father, he was affectionate and self-sacrificing; instead of indulging ambitious projects for his own aggrandizement, they were declined in favor of his children and his sisters. He even transferred the throne of England which was offered to him with the hand of Mary Tudor, to his son Philip II., whose acceptance and subsequent career certainly shed no glory upon the page of English history. As a master, he was kind and considerate; to his friends faithful and appreciative. Several of those

who were in humble spheres were remembered kindly, and provided for in his will. This document presents a curious study for those who think of Charles as a religieuse, living and dying in the odor of sanctity, according to the conventual rules and usages.

He brought with him from Holland a large quantity of very rich tapestry, which was sometimes hung in his rooms; occasionally a black drapery was used instead. Besides many articles of *vertu*, such as drawings, paintings, crucifixes, statuary, reliques set in precious woods, stones, metals, etc.; the plate of his chapel, chamber, pantry, cellar, larder, dispensary, and wax-room, amounted to 1461 marks, or 11,688 ounces; nearly \$200,000. His library contained thirty-one volumes, described as bound in crimson velvet, with silver clasps and mountings. In this nineteenth century, such a library appears insignificant enough, but it must be remembered that Charles died in the middle of the sixteenth century, in the closing day of the "Dark Age," and the dawning of that which introduced the art of printing. We, who live under its meridian blaze, enjoy literary facilities which the wildest enthusiasm could not then have dreamed of.

To return to Charles's will. His bed-chamber was furnished with two beds, sixteen blankets, fourteen feather bolsters, thirty-seven pillows, with much Holland bed-linen, several chairs covered with black velvet and garnished with nails. His own arm-chair had sixteen cushions and a foot-stool, besides one chair in which he was carried about with staves. Among other things, his wardrobe contained sixteen long robes, lined with eider down, ermine, Tunis kid-skin, or velvet. In his stables were six mules and one horse. One of the mules was chestnut color, and called "Cardinala." He had two litters, one lined with black velvet, mounted with steel; the other was covered

with leather, and lined with black serge.

Such an establishment, with all these appliances of luxurious indulgence, is certainly opposed to our preconceived notions of monastic life. This is supposed to require severe personal penance, to secure acceptance with the Most High.

Charles fasted on all those occasions appointed by the church; but generally he would not abstain from such food and drink as were pronounced injurious by his physician, who was kept in constant attendance, watching, and administering sedatives to counteract the continual violence done to his digestive organs. He was not only an epicure, but a gourmand.

It seems difficult to reconcile such contrarieties of character; and yet Charles exhibited in an eminent degree many of those traits which most exalt humanity. Religious veneration and enthusiasm were prominent elements in his character; but instead of producing in perfection the fruits of Holiness, Faith, Hope, and Charity, which are the legitimate growth of Christian principles, they were distorted in the germ by the blighting influence of bigotry and superstition. He not only countenanced those terrible persecutions in which so many millions were barbarously murdered, but he encouraged and sustained the inquisition in its work of bloody butchery. His dying injunction to his son Philip, was not to spare the heresy, nor those who embraced it. How this command was observed, has been recorded by the pen of history, and leaves an eternal stain upon the page consecrated to that age.

His domestic life presents a brighter obverse. He cherished the memory of his wife, as has been mentioned, with an ardor that savors of the romantic; was an affectionate, fond, and just father, even extending his regards and provident care to Don John of Austria, his natural son; was warm and demonstrative in his friendships,

employed in the various active occupations of life — those of the mechanic, the merchant, lawyer, and physician — but far more undisputedly to the lady who stands at the head of the family. Who receives the palm of honor in any department of knowledge, but those who have made themselves complete masters of it, by surmounting every difficulty with strong determination? Let woman strive for this, until she attains what it is most desirable she should know and carry out with practice.

It should be borne in mind, that our Creator, by the more delicate structure of woman's physical frame, and the bestowment of a less share of physical strength than has been given to the other sex, has most plainly pointed out the allotted duties to be sustained by her in the great drama of life. No woman placed at the head of a family, should think any employment conducing to its comfort or prosperity unimportant, but be determined to bring energy and activity to meet every demand upon her services, while devising every method in her power to convert such demand into enjoyment for herself and those composing the home circle. Thus every day's duty will become every day's pleasure; while habit will make the most objectional department agreeable, if the right spirit is enlisted in the performance.

The management of each department, parlor, nursery, and kitchen, must come daily under the inspection of the female head of the family. The kitchen department well-managed, is an accessory of comfort and thrift, and more important than the suitable receiving and entertaining by conversational powers, the visitor in the parlor. The well ordering and neat appearance of the dinner-table, transcends in point of indispensable comfort the sweet sounds of the skilful performer on the piano — not that I would infer that the latter may not conduce largely to the pleasure of the social circle. We would not un-

dervalue any part of education that tends to usefulness, or to the promotion of happiness. The useful first, then the ornamental is a very desirable accession to home enjoyment. While there should be a thorough acquaintance with the most important branches of knowledge, these should not be wholly ignored; because, when the talents for these are improved, they add to the happiness of the possessor, and make home more attractive. But what should be insisted on is this, that the latter should not take the precedence, or receive an exclusive attention to the entire disregard of the former. Let it be the first inquiry, how we shall best and most conscientiously perform those obligations imposed upon us from time immemorial, as the female director of the family compact.

Perhaps we can in no way learn so well how to appreciate the value of well-performing home duties, as when we notice the results consequent upon the failure. Such neglect often subjects the one who is, or should be, looked up to as their dispenser, to many mortifying circumstances, which must bring poignant regrets for inattention and want of qualifications so essential to the respect to which a wife and mother should consider herself entitled.

I may give a more clear expression to the sentiments I have been endeavoring to express, that there is science and method in housekeeping, by the real experience of a dear friend, as she related to me her first essay at housekeeping, when I was myself a new beginner.

As we were seated snugly alone by the fire on a winter evening, she observed, "Perhaps you may profit, my young friend, by a chapter of my own experience."

As I considered myself daily responsible in conducting my family concerns aright, I urged her to give the lesson she proposed, as I was very desirous to improve, well aware of my deficiencies.

"You know my husband was in comfortable pecuniary circumstances when we first began housekeeping, and I was able to command all the assistance I thought necessary. While my mind was occupied with pleasant thoughts of the romance which I considered my first attempt at house management in the city would afford, I found it daily annoyed by the disagreeable accompaniment of petty details, and found I was becoming unhappy, because even the minutiae required my actual and constant inspection. I called all the philosophy I could master to my aid; set myself planning in what way I might turn to account these seeming disadvantages, without allowing them to deteriorate from my happiness. I was determined my peace should not be destroyed from this cause, and that I would at once actually acquaint myself so thoroughly with every thing pertaining to family comfort, that I might perform all with care, alacrity, and independence. Not pleading guilty, as one of our lady authoresses relates, to the ignorance of a certain wife who removed from New York city to a town in the far west, and, not being willing to acknowledge her want of skill, tied her arm in a sling, and sent to the woman who was her nearest neighbor; thus exciting her compassion for her predicament, requested her to go through with the process of making and baking bread, because she was so unfortunately incapacitated to do it herself. The *will* was not wanting, and thus I succeeded better than I had anticipated, while I found I was improving every day; and was delighted to find the lessons my beloved mother had given me in days gone by, were not entirely forgotten. At first, as by the frequent departure of "help," I was often left to perform all the work of my family alone, or with very indifferent assistance. I felt often disposed to indulge in fretfulness and discouragement, if all did not turn out well. This I was aware was wrong, and that *that* religious

principle was not worth much, which would not sustain us under one trial as well as another; and I felt especially these petty trials of temper *should be* subjugated by it. I came to the determination I would, as far as possible, transform these *disagreeables* into agreeables; this I partially accomplished — not by one act of the will, but by many and constant trials, united with those necessary aids which every good housekeeper must bring into requisition, if she would go on her way rejoicing. One of these must be patience, equaling that of Job; another the love of order, including the valuable adage "a place for every thing, and every thing in its place;" another, not putting off until to-morrow what should be done to-day, nor giving place to an indolent disposition, by which every department of a house will soon become confusion, more apparent than that of Babel. I resolved to inspect the rooms, closets, and cellars of my domain often, and determined for my peace, all should wear the appearance of strict order; so far, much was attained, but in the practice of cookery what blunders I made! How mortifying my unsuccessful experiments! which very often were entire failures. In my first attempt to bake in the brick oven, imagine my chagrin, when bread, cakes, and pies were drawn therefrom as black as a coal; in my second essay, all was equally spoiled by being underdone. I would not yield to discouragement, but tried again. My third attempt turned out all right, and ever since I have escaped all difficulty in the department of baking, either in a brick or stove oven.

"Oh! if young ladies," continued my friend, "would be convinced how much perplexity they would save themselves in after life, by an acquaintance with domestic management, they would not be so indifferent to the acquirement, until it is forced upon them by necessity. Let them conceive the real satisfaction they

will experience, should they find, when young housekeepers, that at any time they are left, by the departure of a servant, to their own resources, that they are not dependent — that they are at home in more respects than one, and know just how and where to begin, and how to carry on the culinary and every other department, thus proving entirely independent of another's services if need be for household necessities. Thus, by a determined effort, I have learned to enjoy the practice of these important requirements, and in this is contained the secret of converting what many consider mere drudgery, into available sources for the activity of mind, as well as body. There is skill required in arranging the furniture of rooms, even the contents of a wardrobe, so that it may speak in favor of the superintendent."

I thanked my friend for this recital of her experience, and resolved to improve the hints she had given, to enlarge my slender stock of practical knowledge.

It is the opinion of many excellent women, which has been formed by experience, (one of the best teachers,) that there are enjoyments, as well as *toils* and *trials*, to be found in the faithful supervision of household requirements. First, *enjoyments*. There is scarcely any thing in which we may engage, or any object which does not present upon close scrutiny, a bright as well as a dark side. So viewed theoretically, or as personal experience, it may be found in the occupations constituting household duties; occupations too often esteemed distasteful by those who have thoughtlessly assumed them; upon whom they must devolve, if they ever reach the common destiny of their sex as mistress of the family. "Oh!" says one, "what *can* be said to prove that housekeeping employments may be made pleasant?" The young lady exclaims in astonishment at the suggestion, "Is it possible any one can believe there is any thing agreeable

in this daily routine of the same occupations? it seems like toiling in a tread mill."

We would say to our young friends, that it need not be viewed in such a light, for they may be assured there is no pleasure in the round of fashionable amusements, that can be compared with the heartfelt satisfaction of having performed duty, and added to the happiness of those who are dependent upon us for a great share of their personal enjoyment. This truth has been often reiterated by those whose aim it was to present this subject in the pleasing light in which it should be, and may be truthfully arrayed. There is unquestionably a wrong spirit abroad, operating against the regard due to woman's department of domestic avocations, which, when perceived, the true woman will endeavor to counteract ere it becomes ingrafted into the minds of our daughters, who must soon fill the places which we fill; and whom we should gladly aid in attaining correct sentiments relative to their special avocations, that the requirements soon to be made theirs should set as lightly and carefully upon them as possible. There is a disposition to undervalue, and speak disparagingly, of that information pertaining to or associated with household duties. All who thus slight this knowledge, will sooner or later be convinced of their folly. Mothers should guard against, and, if in their power, prevent their daughters imbibing such erroneous views, while growing up under their vigilant eye. Let them see that *they* do not lightly prize what is so indispensably important, while endeavoring to teach them by precept and example, until imbued with correct sentiments; and endeavor that they shall acquire that knowledge, which, of all others, woman can least dispense with, if they have any ambition to be efficient housekeepers. Daughters should be daily witnesses of the mother's vigilance in every department, that they may imbibe lessons never to be

forgotten. A mother's example will thus influence for good, while in this way she will consult her daughter's future welfare and happiness. Household duties must be rightly appreciated to be relished; and they can not be pleasurable, only to those who well understand *how* to perform them. They will not wear a forbidding aspect if considered as embracing woman's primary and most important delegated duties. If they are well-understood and carried out punctually into practice, they may yield a large portion of *enjoyment* to her on whom they devolve, while at the same time contributing much to that of others. Pleasure to those who have been rightly instructed, is ever associated with duty. It is perhaps difficult to convince the majority, that it is really so, as it respects household duties in the detail, wearing, as often the case from want of a right appreciation, a forbidding aspect. Allow that some of them may at first be distasteful, yet habit will soon make them agreeable. Even when the daily routine is not much diversified, they are perhaps as essential as when attended with a more pleasing variety. If we love our homes, let us cherish the love of home avocations. A well-ordered home is a pleasant one; and may not every true woman make hers so, if enjoying health equal to her requirements, unless, unhappily united to a man whose habits would preclude enjoyment under any circumstances. It is not necessary that home be surrounded by the trappings of wealth to constitute it happy, but it is indispensably necessary that its presiding genius should act her part well, and aim to make it what it will be if well-ordered—the paradise of her family; the oasis in the world's wilderness, where the husband, father, and brother may seek their purest enjoyments; find a welcome and the desired rest from the weariness of out-door toil, and the harrassing cares of business. Should it not be the highest ambition of woman to build

up such a home? and will it not produce joy to all that she has done so?

There is enjoyment in rising early for the lady manager, and forestalling the business of each day, in seeing that her plans which have been previously systematically arranged, are carried forward, and pointing to each co-laborer their respective parts; while insisting all shall be accomplished in the right time and manner. Thus she glides pleasantly to the after-part of the day, securing it for the improvement of her mind or to engage in any elegant accomplishment for which there may exist a predilection, or to devote to the social joys of companionship; for to promote these, none should think themselves exempted from contributing their share. There is enjoyment to be found in arranging the apartments of a house with taste, which speaks as decisively of a well or ill organized mind as the arranging of the toilet, or any other more *important* affair. In some homes comfort appears to predominate, and says to a cursory observer merely, "*I am here*," while in others, its absence is palpably felt. If taste and neatness preside in the apartment, it is not necessary that the upholsterer's skill should be displayed in the hanging of silken tapestry, or that the parlors should be converted into bazaars to make them agreeable to the friendly visitor. It is not required that foreign ornament should be introduced into our homes, in order that they may possess attractiveness, for these, if exhibited in the greatest profusion, can not atone for the lack of a skillful hand which so disposes of the smallest embellishment that it shall appear pleasing. If, in addition to the pleasures a real woman can, and which we believe many do, find in home employments, the wife has sought as paramount, that of contributing to her husband's daily comfort and happiness, added to which, she has tasted the pure joy of enfolding beloved offspring to her maternal heart, is she not in possession

of delight as exquisite as earth can afford? Mothers! in dandling your sweet infant on your lap, while its innocent playfulness awakens your heart's tenderness and affection, would you be deprived of such a happiness, or be willing to exchange it for all the hollow pretensions to which worldly and fashionable pleasure invites? After making trial of worldly pleasures, and proving them unsatisfactory, we may turn to our homes, and there find that of which naught earthly has power to deprive us. Peace, sweet peace, which all are seeking, and if not found in our homes, in vain elsewhere can we expect it. This the well-instructed, sensible woman knows to be true. Oh! then why should not her endeavors be concentrated on this one subject, and make it her actuating motive of life, next to that of doing the will of her Father in heaven, (which indeed constitutes a great part of it) make home her world of delight, whether the relation sustained to it be as wife, mother, sister, or daughter. In these enjoyments, we may not, 'tis true, find the excitement experienced abroad, but we may secure a happy contentment in the condition Providence has appointed. All may secure this, while very few pursuing them with the greatest ardor, can be sure of the riches and honors of the world, fleeting in possession, and unsatisfying when realized. If the sweet charities of love are ours in possession, we shall not look around with the vain inquiry, "Who will show us any good?" nor will disappointment thwart those who look at home for enjoyment. Where but in our homes is the purest affection to be exemplified which neither life nor death can interrupt but for a short time? Where else can we realize the smiles and interchange of those smaller but important offices of friendship that are priceless? emanating from the principle of love, and causing the memory of those we cherish to be venerated, when here no more seen.

The duties of the mistress of a family include a larger range than at a first glance might be imagined, and those which are vital, as connected with the family compact. They include those we owe to husband and children, and to all others associated with us in the family. Those belonging to the wife are of high consideration. Is it not true that the woman holding that relation, has the power in a great degree to make happy or miserable the one to whom most nearly allied? That happiness she should aim to create and sustain, by untiring and unceasing constancy of purpose. If she has not learned to relinquish a selfish spirit, and cheerfully yield her preferences, there will be an unharmonious chord breaking the unison that should ever vibrate in that intimate relation. Not that independent of consequences, do we conceive it right that in every case woman is obligated to yield her choice to the husband, but to prevent clashing in word or action, and to pursue peace, she will pursue that course which will prevent unpleasant controversy. If self-sacrifice has not been practised before woman becomes a wife, she will receive many severe lessons to teach it afterward. Peace, love, and harmony she will desire should rule in her little world. A true wife and mother can never lose sight of the future well-being of her husband and children; she will seek assiduously their happiness, remembering the lessons of the Divine Teacher to "do good unto all," and "never weary in well-doing." The domestics under our control should receive a share of our efforts for their present and eternal good; nor can this be neglected without a "coming short" of our Master's command. If aged parents should pass their declining years under the roof of a married daughter, it should be esteemed a privilege to show every tender attention; rock the cradle of their old age, and smooth the passage to that bourne toward which they,

too, are hastening. I have thus alluded to the duties we owe to relatives, so far as is necessary to show its connection with the qualification of a good and efficient housekeeper.

The *toils of the housekeeper* are viewed as such, in a greater or less degree, as the one on whom they devolve chooses to invest them with brightness or gloom. Some minds are blest with such a happy formation, as leads them to look on the "bright side" of everything, and turn the dross into gold. But those not naturally constituted thus, can, by discipline, learn to assume with ease those demands made upon them, which others magnify to mountains of toil. Not that we deny that housekeepers have care, attended with toil, often; but then what good and valuable design is reached without it? We heard a lady friend of ours, who had many years been a housekeeper, make some very sensible and pertinent remarks, which left an indelible impression, and from which we have profited in our own experience. She spoke of the unnecessary annoyances, cares, toils, and fatigues attending the first years of her experience, which might, in a large degree, have been avoided had she indulged less a weak ambition to excel in things of minor consequence; things toiled for to please the eye of acquaintances, but which do not administer to the real comfort, respectability, or happiness of the family, but rather may be classed with those that contribute to the "lust of the eye and the pride of life." After a while she saw her error, and determined to reserve her physical and mental efforts for the most valuable acquisitions, and allow the insignificant to take their own proper place. She likewise resolved to make a *pleasure of duty* as far as possible, even if it were only an occupation of the physical energies. The great secret, she found, to attain this, was punctuality, and giving attention to every day's requirements at the right time and place. We never saw less bustle or

more of quiet home comfort than in her well-ordered family.

Let not more be assumed by the mistress of a family, as an individual, than she has physical ability to perform; all necessary aid should be called to her assistance. If by limited means, or any other cause, this can not be commanded, she should carefully devise how may be lessened the demands made upon her wasting strength. This may be done in many ways, especially by dismissing that bane to present happiness now-a-days so rife, consisting in the various phases which go to make up "fashionable life."

One great barrier to the comfortable sustaining of household cares, is the too frequent desire with most to build and occupy houses much larger than are necessary for family comfort, thereby causing great additional labor to the lady head of the mansion. The fact that domestic "help" is very inefficient and unreliable in our country, is one very good reason, with others, perhaps, more important, why we should avoid such extravagance, which induces a host of others quite as needless. The ostensible reason, if not the acknowledged one, is a desire to entertain a fashionable circle of acquaintances, which can in no way conduce to the real enjoyment of the occupants. In this way many families are ruined pecuniarily, by erecting palaces, furnishing them elaborately, and by lavishing expenditure upon those who, when reverses come, would not lift a finger to aid them in a dilemma, or perhaps even give them a nod of recognition when the appendages of wealth have disappeared. Perhaps this is in part a just retribution, a well earned punishment, due to the folly of aiming at a style of living which administers to the real enjoyment of none, but, on the contrary, closes the avenues which would enable them to benefit the needy, and thereby fulfill one of the great commandments.

A young married couple who had boarded for some months, and had be-

come tired of so monotonous a life, sought a residence in the country, at such a distance that the husband could daily go to his regular business in the city. Both having a strong predilection for the enjoyments of the country, after looking at many places, at last found a pleasant spot, with a convenient cottage, on the banks of the Hudson, where they decided to locate. The young wife had been well instructed, and, as she could think for herself, was quite aware she could not carry city conveniences with her as available in her new home. The first cross to her wishes was the failure in finding a "Bridget" willing to leave her city pleasures for the country. At last a "Biddy" maid of all work, recently from the Emerald Isle, *consented* to accompany them to their country home. The mistress felt sure she knew no more than to perform the drudgery, and that upon herself would devolve the whole responsibility of new-assumed household duties. Nothing daunted by the prospect, she went forward, determined to bring all her energy, skill, and perseverance to the task devolving upon her, resolving, as far as possible, all duty should be converted into sources of enjoyment. After several journeys to and from the chosen home, to get all in order, it was near sun-down of a June day when they arrived at their home to take possession as permanent residents. The first meal was the evening repast. She busied herself to set the tea-table tastefully, and while doing so lost all thought of its being a toil. She soon decided upon a course of daily duty, wrote down rules for each day's employment, and determined, by early rising, to improve the most delightful and appropriate hours of the morning for the supervision of the household, and that each day in succession should have separate seasons allotted for her attention. Rooms were adjusted, drawers and closets set in order by an acquired tact and precision which results in that satisfaction so nearly allied to

pleasure. Order and regularity are indispensable requisites, and must predominate in every department, if a housekeeper would taste its peculiar enjoyments. Every one is aware no result is reached in this life without a share of toil; but to make it light and easy, depends very much upon the housekeeper's own efforts, and the view she takes of her appropriate sphere.

That trial is often present with duty, who can deny? but that the housekeeper has more than falls to those who engage in other occupations, admits of doubt. Her's, in some of their phases, are peculiarly fretting and annoying, almost past endurance, sometimes, to one who has not cultivated patience as a primary virtue. There is not only toil, but trials, connected with training children; and how often are we susceptible to discouragement and despondency, when, looking on the dark side, and after innumerable efforts, find our lessons unheeded, while we see no advance made by our little ones in the "way they should go." Mothers may well strive to cherish a hopeful spirit, but they too often become cast down at the apparent failure of their faithfulness. Is there not a promise which by faith in Infinite Wisdom shall not fail, that, if persevering to guide them in the right path, they will by and by choose it, and not depart from it.

Another source of great discomfort, is the perplexing care and direction of servants. In general, by the well-trained and educated mistress, sufficient allowance is not made for those who have had no early or right instruction, and consequently enter their families without understanding well any thing that should be expected from them. If the housekeeper could inspect them every hour through the day, the trial would be lessened; but her attention is necessarily divided. When absent, how wrong oft-times every thing goes on in the kitchen. Strong endeavor may accomplish very much in teaching the ignorant—

sometimes a trusty and teachable servant may be procured, that wishes to learn, and may be secured for years. The less we expect from domestics, the less disappointment we shall experience. If this is true, *how* very important that in our country, where well-trained servants are so difficult to find, our daughters, before assuming the responsibility of superintending household duties, should thoroughly understand every branch included in their performance.

Another *trial* is frequently a lack of sufficient means to carry out our plans for improvement, let them be what they may, resulting in the welfare of home. When thus circumscribed, if conscious we are turning to the best account what is available, we should not be unhappy that all we desire can not be accomplished. An over-ambitious spirit should be checked, while we strive to "be content with such things as we have," assured our Heavenly Father knows when it is best to give, and when to withhold. If resigned to His providential appointments, we may claim the promise that He "will never leave nor forsake us." Besides, it were well to bear in mind the truism, that wealth does not bring happiness; and, that a small income well-improved, will bestow as much as the largest. Home comfort is the aim, not the appendages of wealth; riches can not insure happiness, but a large amount of care which corrodes, but adds not one iota to real happiness.

The *trials* incident to the housekeeper are *legion*; but many of them are petty, and may be shaken off by resolution. Let them not be magnified by irresolution, but lessened by a determined will, so that they sit lightly and gracefully upon us. Let *them* be conquered, not *we* by them. It were more desirable that we wear a smile when going about our home avocations, than otherwise; because such alacrity will soften and make easier the accomplishment. It is better to go singing, than sighing from

day to day. Cheerfulness is obligatory upon all, and none less the mistress, wife, and mother of the family. Trials must come to every son and daughter of Adam; but how often trivial circumstances are magnified by such, proving a bane to individual enjoyment. Home! how much is comprised in that one syllable? From this field, if we rightly improve it, may be reaped our purest happiness; if neglecting it, our keenest sorrows.

"Domestic happiness! the only bliss that has survived the fall."

How many resources in and around our homes, we have to make up a large sum of happiness. The library, the garden may be had on a larger or smaller scale — and the ever-present privilege of doing good to all.

The fact is no less true than affording delightful reflection, that many of the most gifted women of our own and other countries have given an example to their sex worthy of imitation, by the most exemplary performance of domestic duties; thus proving how highly they prized them. That these duties imply not a contracted, but an enlarged sphere of usefulness, none can deny who have employed thought relative to their importance. It is either one phase of imbecility, or a culpable and unrefined ambition, that would induce woman to diverge from her own proper orbit, while striving to shine in another, for which she never was ordained by the great Lawgiver. All striving thus, may be looked upon as meteors glaring for a moment, but doomed to disappear and remain unknown and unknown. It may be reiterated that woman's strongest impulse should be expected to invite to the improvement of her own character, and that of all the home inmates; especially to improve her husband's, by manifesting in her daily deportment every domestic virtue, at least endeavoring "good works in her husband to promote," as they walk together on their pilgrimage.

But, what seems paramount duty, is the training younger branches of the family. In efforts for our children, there is allowed no sleeping at our post; no relaxation of effort; no forgetfulness of the important trust; no losing sight, that all we do, right or wrong, will tell for eternity. Does it not call into requisition all her treasures of wisdom? all her acquisitions of knowledge? all her philosophy? all her religion, to acquit herself honorably and faithfully to what is demanded for the eternal welfare of those so near and dear, as should be her own offspring? How much aptness to read character? how much wisdom is necessary to train children for God, for heaven, for eternity?

If the woman who wishes to enjoy her family avocations, enters into the spirit that has suggested the sentiments here expressed, together with those her own good sense may supply, all will proceed with perfect harmony as to family arrangements; then, if her heart is right with her Maker, and full of good-will to all around, she will have attained to the *science of housekeeping*. All will appear clear as day to her practical eye; her peace will flow like a river; if occasionally disturbed by untoward circumstances, soon all will become calm again. There will be no cause to lament the endeavor to teach a combination of duties, and unite them into one distinct and harmonious whole of enduring excellence.

AT SCHOOL—A MEMORY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Down the dim vista of the Past
I see a phantom come,
That strikes me with a rapturous awe
In moveless silence dumb!
She leads me to a picture-room,
A curtain draws aside—
The magic lamp streams up the walls
In one broad crimson tide;
I look upon the canvas pale—
A wondrous mirage gleams—

Amid the shapes I see the land
I wander oft in dreams.

A low, brown house upon a hill,
Where maples cast their shade,
And broad-leaved walnuts drop their fruits
Upon the yearning blade;
A troop of children, eager-voiced,
Clean clad, and full of glee—
(I think upon my wrinkled brow,
This is a mockery!)
Again I take their dimpled hands,
Again with them I play—
Oh, would I were again at school,
A guileless child to-day!

We run again down Chestnut Hill
To paddle in the brook,
Forgetful of our unlearned verbs,
Our teacher's austere look;
Then gather evergreens to deck
The school-room's smoky walls—
And to my eyes it fairer seems
Than eastern sultan's halls!
And here I see my dear old desk—
The notch my pen-knife made—
And Master Reed, to punish me,
Destroyed the cherished blade.

There is the pond, where on the ice
We tried forbidden skates,
And only wished the pond "let out"
Into the boundary lakes;
We'd skim away to Erie's breast,
And up Ontario's tide—
"We guessed the master then could not
Overtake us if he tried!"
And here's the very pasture still,
Where 'Bel and I climbed o'er;
Ah, gentle 'Bel! she fills a grave
On Syria's burning shore!

Full forty years have gone away—
I see the picture still;
Its colors bright—its canvas fresh,
I call it up at will;
But where are they, my well-loved mates?
Ah, God alone can tell!
Some died upon the wide, blue sea,
One in a felon's cell;
Some rest in quiet church-yard graves,
Two died 'mid battle strife,
Two went to save the heathen world,
Some toil through lonely life.

I live; a quiet country home
Is all I call my own;
My children gone to other hearths,
I'm left here all alone!
But gorgeous memories of the past
Come up to cheer my hours,
And half the time I wander back
To childhood's rosy bowers.
It is a pleasant thought to me,
That sometime I shall see
All the blest dear ones face to face,
Who went to school with me.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

SAVIOUR! a whisper in my soul to-night,
As soft as were the breathings of Thy love
To him who erst did lie upon Thy breast,
And drink in holiness from Thy pure lips!
Tell me that Thou dost take me to Thy heart
As a weak lamb near perished in the dews
Of the chill night; tell me that I am Thine.
Yet wherefore should I doubt? Thy lute of
love,

Soft as the gentlest zephyrs that have touched
My cheek, and sweeter than Eolian lyre,
Hath made rich music for my secret soul.
And when I've wandered in the wilderness,
Tempted by roseate bloom and fragrant airs,
Till I have been all lost, and my feet tired
Were bleeding sore, and I have sat me down
In the great darkness of a stormy night
To grieve me for the lost and distant fold,
Thro' the deep lab'rins of the tangled wild,
That lute hath sent a clear, melodious sound,
That led me back to Thy embrace.

Divine, forgiving Shepherd! I would lie
Close in Thy bosom, feeding from Thy hand
Till Thou shalt call Thy flock to follow Thee
To the sweet pastures of eternal peace!
GRANDVILLE, MICH.

SONGS OF THE PINE.

BY LOTTIE ECOB.

O, LIST the deep, defiant roar,
Amid the pines anear our door!
They're warring with the storm-king's host
Of surging winds, and blighting frost;
But care *they* not for sullen blast,
Which blights all else it hurries past?
They toss with proud and scornful grace
Their living green in th' monarch's face,
And wild and loud as victor's cry,
Their winter song that echoes by:

A blither song the pine trees sing
Beneath the breath of welcome spring;
They're keeping time with rippling brook,
And nod their plumes with merry look
Above the grass the long, long day,
And with the changeful shadows play;
And sweet, and clear as marriage chimes
The spring-time song of waving pines.

Hush! hear you not that murmuring song
That floats the summer breeze along?
'Tis low-voiced leaves which softly say,
"Come, dream beneath my boughs to-day,
Where cunning nooks and mossy aisles
Coquet with midday's sunny smiles."
Ah! sweeter far than poet's rhymes,
The summer song of whispering pines.

Yet list once more the ceaseless lays
They sing in somber autumn days;
They're mourning faded buds and flowers,
'Mid gusts of leaves in crimson showers,
And saddened skies weep gentle rain,
Which mingles with their plaintive strain.

O, wierdly sounds in autumn time,
The requiem sung amid the pines.

BUFFALO, 1858.

THE WILLOW TREE.

OH, the willow tree is a graceful thing!
Its boughs are light as the wild bird's wing;
Daintily, airily, to and fro,
Over the gliding waves they go,
Clapping their hands and whispering —
Oh, the willow tree is a dainty thing!

Oh, a fairy thing is the willow tree!
Tossing its slender arms in glee
Over the violets white as snow,
Hiding their cheeks in the grasses low;
Singing, bending, waltzing free —
Oh, a fairy thing is the willow tree!

Oh, the willow tree is a thing of gloom!
Under it lies a darkened room —
And ever its bows go to and fro,
Dropping tears on the mound below.
Room and mound are beauty's tomb —
Oh, the willow tree is a thing of gloom!

Oh, the willow tree is a musical thing!
A harp with many a sweet-toned string;
And while the breezes over it play,
This is its sweet, consoling lay,
"Thy *dead* in the courts of heaven sing," —
Oh, the willow tree is a musical thing.

AMANDA T. JONES.

TO MY CHILD AT PLAY.

PLAY on, my little one! fair is thine hour;
How jocund thy spirit, how cloudless and
bright!

While care haunts the court, and the camp,
and the bower,
Thy heart only feels the warm thrill of de-
light!

Play on! for thy gambols so blithesome and
free,
It were pleasure to share, as 't is joy to
behold;

Thou art merry and wild as the reveling
bee;

Thou art blithe as a lamb just escaped
from the fold.

Oh! couldst thou through life be as happy
as now,
With thy heart as unclouded, thy bosom
as pure;

Could the joy of that smile which enlightens
thy brow,
And the rapturous glow of thy spirits en-
dure!

But I would not with dread of the future
address thee;

Play on! and remember that nothing can
tear

From thy innocent bosom the hopes that
now bless thee,

But the vice of the world — *all thy danger
lies there!*

And when its temptations beset thee, my
child,

Oh! think of the truth which my verse
would impart,

And be ne'er by its folly, its madness be-
guiled,

But in purity keep all the thoughts of thy
heart.

More joy will it give me in life, if thy name
Be a word to awaken the feeling of worth;
More joy than to see thee exalted by fame,
And rich in the wealth and the grandeur
of earth!

Yes! *goodness* will yield to thy soul a de-
light,

Which the splendor of *greatness* can never
bestow;

And while virtue directs thee, her heavenly
light

Will reveal the sweet flowers in thy path-
way below.

Thus favor'd and happy, thus blessing and
blest,

Thou wilt pass through the world unal-
lured by its crime;

Thus living, be honored; thus dying, thy
rest

Will be endless in glory — thy triumph
o'er time.

FROM MY WINDOW.

BY PHILA EARLE HARDY.

FROM behind the eastern curtains,
Smiling peeps the rosy dawn,
And with light and dancing footsteps,
Morning trips across the lawn;
And her robes of glistening daylight,
White and misty, softly sweep
O'er the flowers scarcely wakened
From their sweet and dreamless sleep;
And the daisy-dotted meadows,
Where the night rest lingers yet,
Smile and nod their clover blossoms,
With the sheeny dew yet wet.

With her wings of golden sunshine
Fans the fragrance through my room,
Scattering rose-tints from the garland
Which wreaths her fair brow with bloom;

Snowballs pure hang on green bushes,
Lilacs wave their crosses pink,
And 'mid thick leaves green and shiny,
Myrtles shy their blue eyes wink;
Peonies, their leaves of crimson,
Brilliantly from buds unfold,
And the delicate, fair maple
Waves its graceful plumes of gold.

Through the silvery, whispering willow,
Winds, like little children, play,
And the mountain ash's white clusters
Like them in their pure robes pray;
In his gilded cage, canary,
Golden-throated, warbling bird,
Has a fountain of sweet music,
Like an angel softly stirred;
And its notes are upward carried,
By the free bird's thrilling tone —
Like our prayers by guardian angels,
Upward borne to God's white throne.

We are pris'ners yet, and can not
Loose our spirit's earthly chains;
But those angels bear from earth-land,
What of heaven is in our strains.
As I gaze on all this beauty,
Flooding earth with joy and pride,
Well I know the southern chambers
Have their windows opened wide;
And o'er sunnier seas have floated
Fragrance, bloom, and glory, too,
Sending northward sweet, warm zephyrs,
And the tints of rainbow hue.

O'er the sky white clouds are drifting
Like the snowy sails at sea,
And some lie like blessed islands,
Which eyes weary watch to see —
And along the blue of heaven
Stretch their golden, shining shores;
To their strands frail boats seem floating,
Rowed by crystal pearly oars;
Sunlight clasps morn's rosy fingers —
Leads her softly from my sight,
From my window going gently
Toward the sunset's slopes so bright.

WHEAT AND TARES.

“WHEAT or tares — which are
you sowing, Fanny, dear, in
the mind of this little fellow?” said
uncle Lincoln to his niece, Mrs. How-
ard, and he lifted a child, not beyond
his fourth summer, upon his knee,
and laid one of his hands amid the
golden curls that fell about his neck,
and clustered about his snowy tem-
ples.

“Wheat, I trust, uncle Lincoln,”
replied Mrs. Howard, smiling, yet

serious. "It is the enemy who sows tares — and I am his mother."

There was a glow of proud feeling in the countenance of Mrs. Howard as she said, "I am his mother."

It was Mr. Lincoln's first visit to his niece since her marriage and removal to a city some hundred miles away from her old home.

"Even a mother's hand may sow tares," said the old gentleman. "I have seen it done many times. Not of design, but in thoughtless inattention to the quality of seed she held in her hand. The enemy mixes tares with the wheat quite as often as he scatters evil seed. The husbandman must not only watch his field by night and day, but also the repositories of his ground, lest the enemy cause him to sow tares as well as wheat upon his own fruitful ground."

"Willie," said Mrs. Howard, speaking to her little boy, about ten minutes afterward, "don't upset my work basket, stop! — I say, you little rogue!"

Seeing that the wayward child did not mean to heed her words, the mother started forward, but not in time to prevent the spools of cotton, scissors, emery cushion, etc., from being scattered about the floor.

Willie laughed in great glee at this exploit, while Mrs. Howard gathered up the contents of the work basket, which she now placed on the shelf above the reach of the mischievous boy. Then she shook her finger at him in mock resentment, saying:

"You little sinner! If you do that again, I'll send you off with the milkman."

"Wheat or tares, Fanny?" Uncle Lincoln looked soberly at his niece.

"Neither," replied Mrs. Howard, smiling gayly.

"Tares," said uncle Lincoln, emphatically.

"Nonsense, uncle."

"Tares of disobedience, Fanny. You have planted the seed, and it has already taken root. Nothing will

choke out the wheat sooner. The tares of falsehood you also throw in upon the newly-broken soil. What are you thinking about, my child?"

"The tares of falsehood, uncle Lincoln! What are you thinking about?" said Mrs. Howard, in real surprise.

"Did you not say you would send him off with the milkman if he did that again? I wonder if he believed you?"

"Of course he did n't."

"Then," said uncle Lincoln, "he has already discovered that his mother makes but light account of truth. Will his mother be surprised if he should grow up to set small value on his word?"

"You treat this matter too seriously, uncle. He knows that I am only playing with him."

"He knows that you are telling him what is not true," replied Mr. Lincoln.

"It was only in sport," said Fanny, persistently.

"But in sport with sharp-edged instruments — playing with deadly poisons." The old man looked and spoke with the seriousness that oppressed his feelings. Fanny! Fanny! Truth and obedience are good seeds; falsehood and disobedience are tares from the evil one. Whatever you plant in the garden of your child's mind, will grow; and the harvest will be wheat or tares, just like the seed."

Mrs. Howard did not reply, but her countenance took on a sober cast.

"Willie," said she, a few minutes afterward, "go down to Jane, and tell her to bring me a glass of water."

Willie, who was amusing himself with some pictures, looked upon hearing his name. But as he did not feel like going off to the kitchen, he made no response, and let his eyes turn to the pictures in which he had become interested.

"Willie!" Mrs. Howard spoke with decision, "did you hear me?"

"I don't want to go," answered the child.

"Go this minute!"

"I am afraid."

"Afraid of what?" inquired the mother.

"Afraid of the cat."

"No, you are not. The cat never hurt you, or anybody else."

"I am afraid of the milkman. You said he would carry me off."

"The milkman is not down stairs," said Mrs. Howard, her face beginning to crimson; "he only comes in the morning."

"Yes, he is. I heard his wagon a little while ago, and he's talking with Jane now. Don't you hear him?" said the little fellow, with remarkable skill, having all the resemblance of truth in his tone and expression.

Mrs. Howard did not look up toward her uncle; she was afraid to do that.

"Willie," the mother spoke very seriously, "you know the milkman is not down stairs, and you know that you are not afraid of the cat. What you have said, therefore, is not true; and it is wicked to utter a falsehood."

"Ho! ho!" laughed out the bright-eyed little fellow, evidently amused at his own sharpness, then you are wicked, for you say that which is not true every day."

"Willie!"

"The milkman has not carried me off yet!"

There was a world of meaning in Willie's face and voice.

"You haven't whipped me for throwing my cap out of the window!"

"Willie!" ejaculated the astonished mother.

"D'ye see that?" And the young rebel drew from his apron pocket a fine mosaic breastpin, which he had been positively forbidden to touch, and held it up with a look of triumph and defiance.

"You little wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Howard, "this is going too far;" and springing toward her boy, she grappled him in her arms, and fled with her struggling burden from the

room. It was a quarter of an hour before she returned alone to the apartment where she had left her uncle. Her face was sober, and her eyes betrayed recent tears.

"Wheat or tares, Fanny?" asked the old gentleman, in a kind but earnest tone, as his niece came back.

"Tares," was the half mournful response.

"Wheat were better, Fanny."

"I see it, uncle."

"And you will look well in future to the seed in your hand, ere you scatter it upon the heart of your child?"

"God helping, I will, dear uncle."

"Remember, Fanny," said Mr. Lincoln, "that truth and obedience are good seed. Plant them, and the harvest will come in blessings."—*Selected.*

SIXPENCE A DAY.

A LONDON paper furnishes us with the following interesting anecdote, which we wish our young friends would read and think about. What is said about sixpence spent daily for one thing that is useless or hurtful, (strong drink, for example,) may be said of the same sum spent for any other hurtful or pernicious thing (tobacco, for example.)

There is now an old man in an almshouse in Bristol, who states that for sixty years he spent sixpence a day in drink, but was never intoxicated.

A gentleman who heard the statement, was somewhat curious to ascertain how much this sixpence a day, put by every year, at five per cent. compound interest, would amount to in sixty years.

Taking out his pencil, he began to calculate. Putting down the first year's saving (three hundred and sixty-five sixpences,) nine pounds sterling, eleven shillings, and sixpence, he added the interest, and thus went on, year after year, until he found

that in the sixtieth year the sixpence a day reached the startling sum of three thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling, nineteen shillings, and ninepence. *More than fifteen thousand dollars.*

Judge the old man's surprise when told that had he saved his sixpence a day, and allowed it to accumulate at compound interest, he might now have been worth the above noble sum; so that, instead of taking refuge in an almshouse, he might have comforted himself with a house of his own, costing three thousand five hundred dollars, and fifty acres of land, worth two hundred and fifty dollars per acre, and have left the legacy among his children and grandchildren, or used it for the welfare of his fellow-men!

HOW TO MANAGE QUICK-TEMPERED CHILDREN.

IF our experience or observation has taught us any thing, it is that no system of rules can be laid down which shall be applicable to all cases. Children of fiery tempers are not all alike. Each character is made up of a combination of different qualities. In this one particular there may be a resemblance; yet the general character of each is modified by the greater or less predominance of other peculiarities, which renders them in different degrees susceptible to the various kinds of influence which may be brought to bear upon them. The procedure which most effectually controls one, may not be so perfectly adapted to another.

Besides, the circumstances which call forth exhibitions of ill-temper are infinitely diversified. Different circumstances call for different action. No wise parent, for instance, thinks of treating a child when he is angry with his toys, the same as when that passion leads him for the time to defy parental authority. While, therefore, some general principles should be kept steadily in view, much

must, of necessity, depend upon the good sense, the practical wisdom, and the tact of parents in devising expedients and measures adapted to the time and the circumstances. This thought, properly understood, will lead parents (where a covenant God would have them,) to the throne of grace, humbly imploring that divine aid and guidance which will enable them to act at all times with proper discretion. And we have the definite promise, that "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men abundantly and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."

It is proper to observe further that parents differ as well as children. The "gift" of government is not the same in all. One can sway with gentleness where another is obliged to use more of stern authority. This is not always owing to moral deficiencies, but often to mental constitution. We have known a teacher to manage a school with admirable success, entirely on the principle of self-government. The same experiment tried by another, would end in utter confusion. We say, then, that divine aid, experience, and good sense must be the guide.

Having said so much respecting the difficulty of giving advice, we proceed to suggest a few thoughts which may not be without practical use to all.

At the outset we must distinguish between a peevish, fretful child, and a child of a quick and fiery temper. The peevish or fretful child is generally made such by some physical cause. Ill health, insufficiency of proper nourishment, or some physical neglect by which there is a constant wearing upon its tender nervous system, is usually at the foundation of fretfulness in children. The only feeling it should ever excite is compassion, and the only remedy in the power of the parent is to make it comfortable. If the child be weak and sickly, we must wait with patience for its restoration. Sometimes the fretful disposition will have grown

into a habit, which continues long after the cause is removed. In that case, severer measures may be necessary; but for the most part, cheerfulness in the parent and gentle treatment, with good sleep and plenty of out-door air, will work the most effectual cure.

We are now speaking, however, of a very different character. Your high-spirited boy is of an ardent temperament and quick sensibilities. He is impulsive, sanguine in his hopes, and joyous, and even uprarious in his merriment while all things go smoothly. What he feels, he feels strongly. Things that vex him, vex him in no ordinary degree. He has many noble and generous qualities, but is liable to work himself into a great passion. We can deeply sympathize with the perplexity and the anxiety of the mother in endeavoring to manage such a child. She has this to stimulate her, however, that the very qualities which render him hard to govern, if she succeed in training him aright, are those which will make him both honorable and useful in life.

The first essential requisite is self-control on the part of the parent. A child's strongest convictions of wrong result from the reflex influence of the parent's example. You may give them excellent precepts, but they can never feel that there is any great wrong in violating those precepts which they see violated by their parents every day.

Without self-control, parents do not, in the estimation of their children, rise to that serene dignity of rulers, which gives weight to their characters, and strength to their authority. If parents have not self-control, they are in danger of being angry because their children are angry; and the reproaches poured forth, and the punishments inflicted in those moments of irritation, tend to awaken a feeling more lasting than the passion of anger, and which, if it become frequent and habitual, will destroy that

peculiar fondness for parents in which lies their chief means for good. Besides, in the control of mind over mind, there is almost a mysterious power in a mild firmness. A calm look and an entire self-possession has checked the fury of a multitude; has controlled the raving maniac; has caused even savage beasts to crouch in submission; and will not be without effect upon a child. If wisely employed, it will not fail eventually to put some restraint upon him in the most violent outbursts of passion. If parents, therefore, permit their equanimity of mind to be destroyed by the conduct of their children, they are shorn of a principal element of their strength.

Parents should endeavor to bring a religious influence to bear. They err in under-estimating the power of the religious principle over young children.

The child, indeed, knows nothing of abstractions. He has little understanding of any theory of religions. But an ardent piety, beaming from the countenance and radiating in the tones and actions of a mother, he does feel; and it wakens in his mind an undefined awe and reverence. No mere religious teaching will answer; but religion flowing forth in the life of a loving parent he sees. By contrast with it, he is sensible of his own unholiness, and feels that the authority of that religion is against his sinful conduct.

It is this early impression of his mother as the pure living embodiment of a holy religion, which chiefly embalms her in his memory, and installs her as his guardian angel through all the years of his future life. Her influence is thus lasting, because it was a spell upon his heart in early infancy and childhood. Among the rewards of eminent and devoted piety in parents is this: the increased power it gives them to mold aright the character of their children. This kind of influence gives the highest value to all other means employed.

In this connection it is proper to say, that the conduct of a child when in anger, should never, in any instance, be regarded with levity. When a friend or visitor, who does not feel the same grief or anxiety as the mother, is present, the temptation is often strong to smile at the folly of the child's rage, and the mother is apt to join in the mirthfulness. We have seen a whole circle thus thrown into a laugh. To say nothing of the cruelty of sporting with his unhappiness, how can the child feel that to be a great religious wrong which is made the subject of merriment?

A mother should endeavor to secure to herself the warmest affections of her child, and thus turn those generous qualities which accompany an ardent temper to account in curbing that temper. There is, generally, no lack of fondness in mothers for their children; but there is often a want of that love which constitutes companionship. By an interest in the child's joys and sorrows, his love should be cultivated. The pain felt in grieving a parent who is truly and tenderly loved, will be one of the strongest means of control.

The passions of a child will sometimes be called forth in circumstances which will lead him to act in direct opposition to the authority of the parent. In that case, he must be made to feel that there is a will stronger than his. Whatever sacrifice of feeling it may cost, unconditional submission must be secured. The contest may be severe, but it must not be yielded, unless you wish the child to be ruined, and yourself to be a slave to his outbursts of rage. The victory once obtained, you will not be obliged often thus to conquer. The parent need not so take up the matter at all times, as to make occasion to bring the child's will in opposition to his own. This should always be avoided if possible. Never engage in a contest, merely to show the child that you will master him. But when the issue is fairly joined,

there is no alternative, except to subdue or be subdued. The question may be asked, how shall submission be secured? This is just one of the points in respect to which no definite rule can be laid down. If a general habit of obedience has been established in a family, the work will be much easier than if it has not. It may be, if your hold upon him be sufficiently strong, a felt disapprobation, or a sense of having lost your favor, will work the result. He may be denied a privilege, or resort may be had to other expedients as circumstances may justify. But there are times and occasions when physical punishment is absolutely demanded; when "He that spareth his rod hateth his son." A past generation may have carried this to an unnecessary severity; but, if we mistake not, the tendency of our age is in the opposite direction. There is, indeed, much indiscriminate punishment, which is worse than useless. To be constantly punishing, is worse, if possible, than not to punish at all; but there is no need of either. Cost what it may, the child must be made to feel that you are able to manage him. When this is done, uniformity in your requirements will obviate the necessity of frequent inflictions; but alternate weakness and severity is the surest way to ruin him. It is truly shocking to see how children are often petted and spoiled, bruised and battered by turns. A child can not feel that the severity is merited, when the same thing is treated so lightly on other occasions. He attributes his punishment to the parent's mood, and not to his deserts; thus, in more ways than one, it does harm instead of good.

Sometimes a child will do things in a passion which can not for a moment be tolerated; and he should at the instant be made to feel the punishment. A few repetitions of such summary treatment will check the developments. If it be asked how old a child must be to render such

course proper, the answer is, when he is old enough to do wicked deeds in anger, he is not too young to learn that he may not do them with impunity.

In regard to a whole class of punishments, which consists in shutting up children in dark rooms and the like, we can only say, we have never seen them result in any good; but they sometimes do much harm.

There is power in ridicule; but it is a dangerous weapon to employ, especially where you wish to curb passion. People never continue to love those who frequently ridicule their conduct. In general society it may have its use in curing affection, self-esteem, and folly, which is otherwise incurable. But in family government it can not be employed without weakening the bond of affection.

Ill-temper is in part a thing of habit; at least, it grows by exercise. This suggests an important direction. By careful attention to your child and an interest in his sports, endeavor to remove the occasions of anger. If you see him getting vexed with his toys, untie the knot; build up his play-house so that it will not tumble down; do any thing to put matters into a pleasant, cheerful train. He will soon learn that you can turn his trouble into joy; and instead of getting into a passion, he will come to you to help him. This is a great point gained; and after a while you may teach him to help himself. At any rate, you have prevented the strengthening of a bad habit.

We know a mother who has a happy faculty, in a pleasant way, of arresting her child's attention, turning it to something else, and in a moment restoring him to calmness. At first we had some misgivings as to such a course; but having watched the result, have become convinced of her practical wisdom. The truth is, parents do not sufficiently direct the thoughts and feelings of their children. They leave them to direct themselves, and then endeavor to check them by restraint when they go wrong.

To nothing are children more sensible than to praise or blame. There is often a habit of indiscriminately praising children, which only promotes pride, self-esteem, and self-will. But a child should have the encouragement of feeling that his conduct is appreciated when he does right, and the desire of approbation will be a powerful motive of self-government. So far as he is capable of it, see that he is properly instructed in what is right and wrong; but it is not best to reason with him, or to persuade him while in a passion.

We have already exceeded our proper limits, and must, therefore, close where we began, by saying that experience and a wise discretion must be the guide. Be not disappointed if at first your success be not equal to your wishes. Time, patience, and a firm trust in God will do much.—*Mother's Magazine.*

SOME SPECULATIONS ON DRESS.

WHENEVER a "revulsion" wakes us up to economical considerations, the besetting sin of the McFlimsey's, which was "nothing to wear," is invariably the first point of attack with all who undertake to discourse on our national extravagance. This is partly due to the circumstance that Europe's "little bill" for costly clothing fabrics is so promptly handed in every Saturday from the Custom-House. Add to this, that our eyes are dazzled half the time between sunrise and gas-extinction, by the purple and fine linen of our dames and damsels, and the sheen of their silken apparel, that the artful dodger promenades Broadway in constant terror of collision with peripatetic circumferences of hoops, and even the spare philosopher must fain betake himself to the cobble-stones to escape the flauntings of crinoline. That which is eaten is veritably "consumed;" when it is swallowed, it is interred;

and the teeth close over it like tombstones. But when dry goods are "consumed," they have just begun to *exist* for practical purposes.

It can not be denied that our extravagance in this direction has grown to a magnitude which calls for serious consideration. The real question is, whether, with regard to any large proportion of our national outlay for clothing fabrics, it may be affirmed that we have spent our "money for that which is not bread, and our labor for that which satisfieth not?" In exchange for services rendered, have we received an equivalent amount of wealth or resources in the shape of clothing fabrics? By wealth we understand any thing which is intrinsically capable of gratifying a rational desire, either of the physical, esthetic, or intellectual nature; by resources, all things which are valuable merely from their power of producing these objects of desire.

The clothing which is necessary for physical comfort, is a rational and universal desire. This grade of clothing may be regarded as partaking of the nature of both wealth and resources, since it is not only intrinsically desirable, but necessary to the efficiency of the producer. No one buys more clothing for comfort than he needs for comfort, consequently we are not liable to the charge of extravagance on this score. In this class, however, we include no fabric, the ornamental character of which forms, in the slightest degree, an element of its value; only the shaped material, uncolored and unadorned, is necessary for physical comfort.

If the gratification of taste be a rational object of desire, there is another class of clothing fabrics which is to be regarded as wealth. If the gratification of taste in dress be desirable in the slightest degree, a higher degree is still more desirable; if the process of printing adds any thing to the intrinsic value of cotton cloth, the value of any fabric, beyond the cost of the shaped material, is measured,

to a certain extent, by its power of pleasing the eye. Ornamental articles of dress, when purchased to please the eye of the possessor, are to be regarded as wealth. In the hands of a person devoid of taste, who wears them merely with a view of conciliating indirectly the favor of others, these are properly denominated resources; but the purpose of the buyer is generally a double one, and the acquisition has a mixed character. Appropriate surroundings of dress contribute to the personal attractiveness of the individual, and are therefore desirable, even to those few who receive little or no gratification directly from the possession of such surroundings. Superior charms of intellect are frequently found to counterbalance repulsiveness of *personelle*. But when the esthetic and the intellectual nature find simultaneous gratification in the same object, its attractiveness is doubled. No man can afford to dress badly. In masculine apparel, however, the desirable quality is rather the absence of any thing calculated to offend taste than its positive gratification to any great extent. Such adornments only are admissible as may harmonize with the central idea of manly physique, which is strength. But the central idea of womanly physique is beauty. In proportion to the development of these ideas is the mutual attractiveness of the sexes increased. Any thing which aids in this development is, therefore, a rational object of desire. The natural limit of cost in masculine apparel is much lower than in that of the other sex, since the development of the idea of beauty in *personelle*, requires a great variety of fabrics and brilliancy of colorings. Still there is an absolute limit to the demands of the esthetic nature for clothing fabrics, which falls far short of the expenditures of the fashionable classes in this direction. Taste is fully gratified by the perfection of certain effects of drapery and contrasts of coloring; it is desirable that these

results should be produced at the smallest cost, since the mere cost of production of any article does not render it pleasing to the eye. An absolute limit having been indicated to the requisitions of the physical and the esthetic nature, it is evident that any expenditures for clothing fabrics beyond this limit are unprofitable and extravagant, unless these tend to the gratification of some rational desire not heretofore considered.

But we find that not only do intrinsically desirable clothing fabrics accumulate in the hands of individuals beyond the requisitions of taste or comfort, but that, further, large sums are expended for articles of dress, whose chief value consists in the *known cost* of production. As an instance of the latter class, we recall the inquiry of a lady of refined taste, but limited of experience in the mysteries of dry goods, addressed to her next neighbor at a Fifth avenue-gathering:

"Who, pray, is that extremely slovenly-dressed lady, just crossing the room?"

"Slovenly!" returns the interrogated, with a "shocked" expression of countenance, "why, that is Mrs. . . . ; she has on an exquisite dress of real point lace, which never *cost less* than \$2,500!"

The value of this dress to the owner consisted entirely in its *cost*; an item, moreover, with which only experienced shoppers, or professional dry goods dealers, could be even approximately acquainted. There is a large consumption of hand-made fabrics for drapery, the effect of which is equally attained by the cheap products of machinery.—*Independent*.

ECONOMY OF CHEMISTRY.

THE chemistry of art, like a prudent housewife, economizes every scrap. The horse-shoe nails dropped in the street during the daily traffic, are carefully collected by her, and re-appear in the form of swords and guns. The chippings of the traveling tinker are mixed with the parings of horse's hoofs from the smithy, or the cast-off woolen garments of the poorest inhabitants of a sister isle, and soon afterward, in the form of dyes of brightest blue, grace the dress of courtly dames. The main ingredient of writing ink was, possibly, once part of the broken hoop of an old beer barrel. The bones of dead animals yield the chief constituents of lucifer matches. The dregs of port-wine, carefully rejected by the port-wine drinker in decanting his favorite beverage, are taken by him in the morning in the form of Seidlitz powders, to remove the effects of his debauch. The offal of the streets, and the washings of coal-gas, re-appear carefully preserved in the lady's smelling-bottle, or are used to flavor blanchmanges for her friends. This economy of the chemistry of art is only in imitation of what we observe in the chemistry of nature. Animals live and die; their dead bodies, passing into putridity, escape into the atmosphere, whence plants again mold them into forms of organic life; and these plants, actually consisting of a past generation, form our present food.—*Dr. Lyon Playfair*.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

"FRANK Larreau, you little torment! what are you in that closet for?" called out the stentorian voice of Bridget, Mrs. Larreau's maid of all work, who was left for that day to attend to Frank and such other things as she might choose, while her mistress made fashionable calls.

"Frankie want mi—! mi—!" replied the sorrowful voice of the little child, as with one more strenuous outstretching of the tiny hand he had grasped the pan which contained his portion of milk, and turned it bottom upwards all over himself and the floor. Frightened and smothered with the streaming milk, the child threw himself backward with a cry of distress, only to be siezed by the angry Bridget, and shaken till he was breathless and almost black in the face, while the torrent of her Irish wrath poured down incessantly on his devoted head.

"Frankie want mi—, mi—!" sobbed he pitiously, as soon as he could catch breath after her vocabulary of invective had been so far spent, that she was forced to pause.

"You can't have any milk, you little banshie," said Bridget, shaking him again. "You've spilt it all. You'll get a whipping when mamma comes home, you bad boy, and you'll get nothing to eat to-day; you don't deserve any milk."

"Bad, naughty Bridget," sobbed out the poor child, raising his hand to strike her.

"Don't you strike me, you—I'll tie you up—I will. I'll teach you to strike me," and, true to her promise, she tied his hands fast with a damp pocket-handkerchief that she took from her clothes basket, and then tying him fast in his high chair, she set him up by her ironing-table.

Three long hours had passed since the time that Frankie should have received his bowl of bread and milk, and all that time he had been following Bridget about the kitchen, or in the yard, calling after her in his indistinct way, "Mi—! mi—! Bridget, mi—! Frankie want mi—!"

But the girl's ears were closed to any thing the child could say, and it was only

when the call became particularly peevish, that she took him up, and bade him hold his peace, for a troublesome thing as he was; for Bridget had taken advantage of her mistress' absence to adorn herself with unusual grace, and hang over the alley gate in wait for the butcher's man, or any other stray company that might chance that way. And so the hours had gone by, until Frankie, grown desperate from hunger, had found his own way into the closet, and upset the pan as we have said.

The child now struggled with the strings that bound him, until his hands were black with the effort, and threw himself back, and screamed without stint, while Bridget hastened to replenish the kitchen fire and set about her ironing.

"Hold your tongue," she said to the child, after bearing the noise for a while. "Hold your tongue, you naughty boy. Here I have n't ironed a stitch the whole day, just for you, and dear knows what your mother will say. I'll tell her just how bad you've been, so I will, and she'll whip you, and shut you up in the dark place," and Bridget made her iron move as rapidly as possible over the damp clothes, in order to make up for lost time.

"Two o'clock!" she exclaimed, as the clock struck in the dining-room. "And dinner to be ready, and the master home at five, and here is this ironing to do, and this cross child to take care of, and her not come home yet. I'll give warning. Here, hush your noise!" she exclaimed, interrupting herself suddenly as the door bell rung, and hastily untying the child's hands, she thrust them for a moment in a basin of water, and then set him down upon the floor, while she went to let her mistress in.

"Why are you so long in answering the bell, Bridget?" said Mrs. Larreau, sharply, as she came in.

"Sure an' I couldn't get away from Frankie; and he's so cross the live long day," said Bridget.

"Let go my dress, Frankie, for mercy's sake, with those terrible hands! Here,

Bridget, take him away and wash his hands," and Bridget tore the struggling child away from his mother's dress, which he had seized in order to pour into her ear his piteous plea for "Mi—! mi—!" and carried him to the kitchen to wash from his hands the ashes to which he had retreated on being set free in Bridget's haste, for the little unwiped fingers bore sad traces of the black coals he had looked over, doubtless in search of something atable.

"Just look at my dress," said Mrs. Larreau, looking down at the finger prints on the beautiful plaid silk she wore. Oh me, what a house it is to come home to! And see those china casts. Frank has been here—I know he has. Why couldn't Bridget take care of him? It's always so if I step out of the house. How that child does scream," she added, pulling off one ornament after another, as she hurried up stairs to her room. "Mercy, here I am so tired with my walk, and I shan't have time to half undress, before Bridget will bring that troublesome child to me. Nobody knows what slavery it is to be tied to such a child as that."

"The grocer's boy's at the door," said Bridget, thrusting Frank into the chamber, and hurrying back to attend to her friend the grocer's boy.

"Here, Bridget, here, those peas are to be shelled at once, so that they may be fresh, and then you must go right about the ducks, and be sure they are in the oven at three. I suppose you have got the ironing done, there was so little to do."

"Dear, no!" said Bridget; "Frank has been so cross all the morning that it was just all I could do to attend to him, and he crying every minute."

"Frankie!" said Mrs. Larreau, "there you are hold of that dress again, you—" and a hearty box on the ear sent the poor child reeling back from the bed where the dress lay, until he fell down upon the carpet, where he lay screaming with the pain, as well as with a sense of the injustice which his twenty months of life were not too brief for him to feel. "How he does scream!", said Mrs. Larreau, desperately, as she went on with her change of apparel. "It will kill me—I never can live so. No wonder

they say I am suffering from confinement to that great boy. Let me see. If we go boating to-morrow, we must have some cake made, and some biscuit, and a tongue boiled; why didn't I think to order it? Now Bridget will have to go, and there's so much to do. I wish I had not bought the ducks for dinner."

"Mi—! mi—!" cried Frankie, staggering up from his place on the carpet, and once more seizing his mother's dress with a determination to make his wants understood.

"Dear, there's the door bell, and I'm not half dressed," said Mrs. Larreau. "Frank, do let go of me. Who can do any thing with a child?"

"Mrs. Spiningotham and Miss Walker-street," said Bridget, looking in at the door.

"Yes," said Mrs. Larreau, slipping on her jet bracelets. "Here, Bridget, take Frank and give him some milk; he wants milk," and she hurried down to receive her guests, without waiting to hear the answer that Bridget called after her, that there was no milk in the house. The call was soon over; and Mrs. Larreau returned to her room to find Frank lying alone on the floor, and still repeating his cry for "Mi—! mi—!"

"Bridget!" she called down the stairs, "Bridget, did you give this child the milk as I told you?"

"No, ma'am," called Bridget from the table, where she stood up to her elbows in the ducks, which were already half an hour behind their time of going into the oven.

"Why not?" said Mrs. Larreau, angrily; "I told you to feed him."

"There's no milk in the house," cried Bridget, "and besides I was busy with the dinner," she mumbled to herself; "I can't wait on babies, get dinner, and tend the door bell, and every thing else all at the same time."

"What did you say?" called her mistress. "Bridget, come here, I say, and tell me why you did not give Frankie some milk."

"There's no milk in the house," said Bridget, coming to the door with her hands covered with dressing.

"No milk in the house! what's become of his milk?"

"He spilt it—got into the closet and spilt every drop of it."

"What a piece of work! You fed him at eleven, did n't you?"

"Yes, 'm, said Bridget, remembering now for the first time in the midst of her self-occupations, that she had failed to give him his meal at eleven, but covering her delinquency as usual with a falsehood.

"Well, but he must have more milk. Wash your hands now, and go as rapidly as possible down to B. . . 's and get a couple of tongues, and bring some milk on your return. I'll come to attend to the dinner. These girls are so slow," she added, as Bridget went to obey her orders. "She has been long enough to roast an ox about those ducks, and then it will take her so long to get ready to go to the grocer's, and there's all that cake to make. I would take the plain cake I have in the house for one kind, but there'll be the Peaks and the Hurdhaurers to see what I have in my basket, and it won't do; I must make three kinds, I suppose, for Will won't hear to my buying any. Frank, do be quiet. You can't be very hungry if you were fed at eleven. Here it's almost four though, and those ducks not in the oven! There's a piece of cracker, Frank," and she tossed it to him; the poor child seizing it ravenously from the floor where it fell, while she went rapidly about her work, first taking the precaution to step into the parlor and see that the blinds were close shut, so that no callers might be surprised at finding the bell unanswered, in case they came while Bridget was out.

The next day, to poor little Frank Larreau, was very much like the last, and so were many of the succeeding ones. Occasionally he would have his mother to himself for a day, and then he was quite well cared for; but Mrs. Larreau lived in society, and must go where *society* went; she could not bury herself for the sake of a child.

* * * * *

"My rule is to look out for number one, and let others look out for themselves," said Frank Larreau, fifteen years later, as he threw down the stump of one of his father's cigars, to which he had helped himself. "If you don't take care of yourself, you won't find anybody to take care of you in this world. Disinterested friendship, faugh! I

should like to see one of your disinterested friends. He would be a queerer animal than a feathered frog any day. So I help myself to the governor's money whenever I get a chance — should n't get any if I did n't."

"I can't think what makes Frank Larreau such a bad boy," said a lady. "He belongs to such an excellent family. His mother is a very fine woman; she goes a great deal into society, and she never has kept but one girl. I suppose she is an excellent manager, and though they began with a small business, he is rich now. Frank has always had every thing about him that heart could wish, and yet he seems to have hardly one good trait."

She was mistaken; Frank Larreau had not had all about him that heart could wish. He had never had any one to teach him the value of affection.

RECIPES.

SEALED AND DRIED FRUITS.—There is no doubt, in our opinion, that the harm which is supposed to be done in the summer by the excessive use of fruit, is in a great measure caused by our little use of acid or sub-acid fruits in the winter. The system is already thrown out of order from the lack of this kind of food, and in its bilious, stimulated state, can not bear the sudden profusion which the summer brings. It is therefore of much importance to those who regard the health of their families, to provide fruits in as simple and perfect a manner as possible for winter use.

DRYING RHUBARB.—Cut the stalks in slices as for common use, and spread them thinly over plates or other flat surfaces, and dry them in the sun or in the oven after the bread is drawn.

BOTTLED FRUIT.

GOOSEBERRIES AND CURRANTS.—Green.—Fill the bottles to the neck with the fresh-picked fruit; cork tight; set the bottles in a cask side by side, and fill the cask with dry sand. Keep in a cool, dark place.

BERRIES.—Fill the bottles completely full with the fresh, sound fruit; cover it at the top with tin foil, and tie over the neck of

the bottle a piece of wet bladder. Sugar can be added to the fruit, but it is not necessary. Cherries and peaches may be preserved in the same way.

ANOTHER MODE.—At a meeting of the Horticultural Society, Mr. Lovejoy, butler to J. Thorn, Esq., of Mawbey House, South Lembeth, obtained a medal for preserving damsons, greenage plums, gooseberries, and mulberries—all without sugar or vinegar. The specimens exhibited were as plump and transparent as when first gathered. They were preserved as follows: Pick the fruit from the stalks; put them into the bottles. Put one drachm of alum into four gallons of boiling water; let it stand until it is cold; then fill the bottles with this liquor, bung them tight, put them into a copper of cold water, and heat to 176 degrees; and then tie them over with a bladder and seal them.

PRESERVING FRUIT BY HERMETICALLY SEALING.—First, select good, fresh fruits or vegetables—stale and fermented can never be preserved. Vegetables decomposing quickly, such as green corn, green peas, asparagus, should be preserved within six hours after being picked, particularly in hot weather, and berries always within twenty-four hours. Peaches, quinces, pears, apples, should be peeled, and the seeds removed before preserving.

Vegetables should be partially cooked first—such as corn, peas, and tomatoes should be boiled a half an hour; asparagus a quarter hour. To the vegetables add half a pint of the water they are cooked in, to the quart.

Fill the can with ripe fruit, adding, if desired, a little sugar—simply enough to ren-

der the fruit palatable, and set it into a vessel of water, (warm or cold.) Let the water boil, and continue boiling until the *fruit is well heated through*—say for half an hour. Directions have been given to simply let the water boil; but such direction is defective, as at this time the fruit in the center of the vessel will be scarcely warmed. Should the vessel be then sealed, fermentation will take place. *The heat must thoroughly penetrate the contents of the vessel.* As soon as the fruit is sufficiently heated, seal the can, and the work is done.

Another way is to make a syrup of two pounds of sugar for every six pounds of fruit, using half a pint of water for every pound of sugar. Skim the syrup as soon as it boils, and then put in your fruit, and let it boil ten minutes. Fill the cans, and seal up hot. Some make a syrup of half a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit, and some use only a quarter of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, while some use no sugar at all.

To keep peaches, pare and cut them up. If thrown into cold water, they will retain their firmness and color. Heat them in the cans as above, or boil them ten minutes in a syrup. In this way, strawberries, raspberries, cherries, plums, peaches, etc., may be kept for any length of time in the same condition that they were sealed up, with their flavor unchanged. For small fruits, it is best to make a syrup without water, and boil the fruit in it for only a few minutes.

Tomatoes should be boiled, and the skins taken off, and then placed in a kettle and brought to boil, and kept so while filling the cans.—*Ohio Cultivator.*